

Catholic Digest

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CATHOLIC DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

We have heard the tribulations of the cities, what they have suffered, and we have fainted; fear and confusion of mind have come upon us, and upon our children: even the mountains will not give us refuge. Lord, have mercy. We have sinned with our fathers, we have done unjustly, we have committed iniquity. Lord, have mercy.

From Matins of the 3rd Sunday of September.

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

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The policy of The Catholic Digest is to draw upon all Catholic magazines and books, and upon non-Catholic sources as well, when they publish Catholic articles. We are sorry the latter cannot be taken as a general endorsement of everything in the non-Catholic publications. It is rather an encouragement to them to continue using Catholic material. In this we follow the advice of St. Paul: For the rest, brethren, all that is true, all that is seemly, all that is just, all that is pure, all that is lovable, all that is winning—whatever is virtuous or praiseworthy—let such things fill your thought.



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The Faith and Joe Rosenthal

By JOHN CAVANAGH

Both bulletproof

Condensed from the *Register**

Nearly everyone in the U. S. and in most of the Allied countries has seen Joe Rosenthal's historic camera shot on Iwo Jima, and has also heard how he braved Japanese mine fields, shrapnel, artillery and machine-gun and mortar fire to get to the summit of Mt. Suribachi and focus his camera lens on the Marines as they raised the American flag. But back of the fame that has come to this 33-year-old Associated Press photographer from San Francisco is the story of his conversion from Judaism to the Catholic faith.

"Nothing has done more for me than the Church," declared the small-statured A. P. hero. "Really I don't know how the boys can go into those South Pacific beaches without religion. Many times we were together in the first boats heading for the shore, and the water was hot with the spray of lead thrown at us by the enemy. Some of the lads didn't pray, but I did. It didn't make sense to me to be facing

what we thought was certain death without a prayer on my lips."

"What in particular has your new faith meant to you, Joe?" he was asked. Without hesitation he replied: "It has eliminated fear from my life. When we were out in the Pacific war areas death held no terrors for me. Why should it? I have been a Catholic since Aug. 19, 1939, and have learned I can hope for a chance when death comes. The prospect of heaven means everything to me, and that is what the Catholic faith has given me. When we were under fire of the Japanese guns from shore or from planes I pushed ahead without fear of suddenly ending up with a slug in me.

"The relief of knowing there is a hereafter and that I stand a good chance of meeting God as a friend when I check out has transformed my life. My Catholic faith has cleared up my mental muddle, and has given life a meaning. The promises of Christ are

*934 Bannock St., Denver, 1, Colo. July 8, 1945.

the most consoling words ever uttered."

Joe recalled that when he was a youth back in Washington, D. C., his parents, four brothers, and one sister were Orthodox Jews. "I then attended the Hebrew religious school regularly, later went to the synagogue, and eventually ended up in the Reformed temple. I always realized there was a God, but He was envisioned as a God of wrath. Something was wrong. Looking at myself and others, I was conscious of the fact that there must be some explanation for sin other than I knew. Men and women were daily stealing, telling lies, murdering, and committing adultery. What chance had they ever to get to heaven?"

"Reading was one of my favorite absorptions when I was a student in McKinley High in Washington. This habit brought me into close familiarity with the background of the Jews, and finally led me to study Christianity. Some intellectual Catholic friends discussed religion with me, and I became acquainted with a number of priests. For some years I continued to read and to look at both sides of the problem, but continued to observe Rosh Hashana, Yom Kippur, and other feasts. After reading a few biographies of Christ I knew I had to make a choice.

"Still I kept poking around. At times I would ask companions what I thought at the time were sly questions, and often angled the conversation around to a religious topic. The most compelling influence was the beautiful example of some Catholic families I

knew. One day John H. Golden, M.D., a close personal friend and a lionhearted Irishman from Georgetown university, introduced me to Father Mark W. Lappen, then chaplain of Mary's Help hospital in San Francisco. That introduction was the real beginning of my conversion.

"For the next four months I visited Father Lappen three times each week for instructions, and one day in 1939, I was baptized in the hospital chapel."

"How did your family take your entry into the Church, Joe?"

"My mother and dad and sister are dead, yet I'm sure they were there that day in spirit for my Baptism. When my four brothers got over the first shock they concluded it was my own business. One of my brothers discussed the matter with me at length, and for a time he seemed to feel that the step I made was a disgrace. This prompted me, out of consideration for him and the others, to consider changing my name. Further thought forced me to abandon the idea, because, with such a distinctively Jewish name, I felt that many might ask me how I happened to be a Catholic. Thinking that might prove a means of helping others find the faith, I kept my own name, and hope I have contributed to the knowledge of numerous inquirers. Today all four of my brothers are my staunchest defenders."

"What about your Jewish friends?"

"They have been wonderful to me also, and only a very few have questioned either my sincerity or my reasons for becoming a Catholic. It may

seem strange but it is true that the name Jesus or Christ was never mentioned in our home when I was a youth, and neither have I ever heard Christ's name mentioned in any other Jewish home. My friends, still faithful Jews in their worship, seldom bring up the subject of Christianity now that I am a Catholic, but neither did they ever discuss the subject before I entered the Church. Occasionally I can sense that they are curious and I am not hesitant to 'brief' them on what my new-

found faith means to me. It is without boasting that I relate that I never miss Mass on Sundays. Even when I was in London, Africa, New Guinea, Guadalcanal, and the day before we went ashore on Iwo Jima, I attended Mass and received Holy Communion. If a man is genuinely convinced he has the truth, and still neglects it, he is a traitor, and that goes not only for my Jewish friends who fail to attend the synagogue each Saturday, but also for my friends who miss Mass on Sunday."



Manna

The Maryknoll Fathers' China headquarters received an urgent request from Father Aloysius Rechsteiner, stationed near Yeungkoang behind Japanese lines, for relief supplies. Money, all the medicines available through relief committees, and all the clothing that could be scraped together were turned over to the U. S. Army, which promised to make delivery by parachute.

The plane bearing the mercy delivery took off from Kunming, but about an hour before the destination was reached it developed motor trouble. All the supplies were thrown out at 10,000 feet, about 150 miles from Father Rechsteiner's mission. Then the plane limped back to its base.

The Maryknoll priests took their loss philosophically, but two weeks later a runner brought a letter from Father Joseph McGinn, also a Maryknoll missionary. "Thanks for the 'manna from heaven,'" it read. "All the supplies dropped in our compound. We sent the money to Bishop Paschang, distributed food, clothing and medicines. Isn't the Army using parachutes any more?"

It seems impossible in a land of 400 million people, and yet it happened. The entire cargo destined for distribution by one Maryknoll missionary landed right in the front yard of another and reached its ultimate destination.

N.C.W.C. (14 July '45).

Working With Workers

By JOSEPH F. DONNELLY

Giants in the making

Condensed from the *American Ecclesiastical Review**

It was the second session of our first year. The week before I had noticed this chap. While most of the others, in typical Catholic manner, had clustered about the seats in the rear of the room, he came forward and took a seat almost directly in front of my table. This week he was there again.

I had passed out pamphlets at the last session, and now as we began, I asked, "How many had time to read the pamphlet we passed out last week?" Some had read part of it and a few had read all of it. His hand stayed up.

"Yes?" I asked. He stood up.

"On page eight, Father," he said, thumbing the pamphlet, "what's this about encyclicals? What are those encyclicals?"

"Why, we were talking about them last week," I said. "You remember what we said about Leo XIII, and organizing, and strikes, and the living wage."

Though I did not realize it then, he remembered all right, but he was building the occasion for his little speech.

"Yes," he replied immediately, "I remember. But I have been in the labor movement for 23 years and that is the first time I have heard anything about the encyclicals. Isn't it the teaching of the Church?" he continued.

"Yes, of course," I said. But I didn't know how to stop him.

"Well, I go to Mass every Sunday and I have never once heard anyone mention in Church anything about encyclicals. If the Church wants things done as they are taught in the encyclicals why don't they (*sic*) tell the people?"

We are the Church of the poor and the workers, but workers who for the most part know nothing of the great documents of Leo XIII and Pius XI, and workers who have little idea that the Church has any definite teachings on the problems of organized labor and on the role of organized workers in the reconstruction of society. This ignorance may yet prove the greatest tragedy of the Church in our age.

Connecticut is one of the most highly industrialized states in the nation. In *per capita* of war production it outranks all of the states. Until three years ago we had in Hartford diocese nothing more than the desultory program of social teaching which until recent years has been the program of practically every diocese in the country. Today we boast of much more; we have an active program.

In 1942, we organized the Diocesan Labor Institute to further the cause of good unionism and to promote social reform principally through education.

*Box 20A, Catholic University of America, Washington, 17, D. C. July, 1945.

Our only program is the program of social action outlined by Leo XIII and Pius XI in their renowned social encyclicals. The institute now has chapters in the ten principal cities of industrial Connecticut.

We started our organization in the fall of 1942 with establishment of the first chapter in the third largest city of Connecticut. During the first few months of the next year chapters were started in four more cities; in the fall of 1943 two more were established; in the fall of 1944 one more; and now in 1945 two more are making good starts.

When the priest has been selected who will act as director of the chapter in his city he is encouraged to make contacts with the local labor leaders. First contacts are important. If he can win the good will of the men who lead the AFL and CIO locally his success is partially assured.

The director must seek out a faculty for his classes. During his first year he will plan to give them courses in Christian social principles, public speaking, and parliamentary procedure.

Opening of the school is usually preceded by pulpit announcements, and publicity in the local press. The unions will usually cooperate with a bulletin-board announcement or an announcement at union meetings. The place of meeting can be any central location, a church hall, K. of C. rooms, hotel, etc. We have found it desirable to keep the meetings out of the atmosphere of the school, and a smaller room is more satisfactory than a large hall. It is encouraging to all if it becomes necessary

to move to a larger meeting place.

It is more informal, easier, and more effective not to lecture but to let the men themselves do much of the talking. We get them to think their way through the ideas suggested; we encourage them to express themselves; and end by sending them home with a few new ideas and a few corrections of incorrect ideas.

We have no fees nor dues. We sell no literature. The chief expense is the literature we pass out at every meeting and the diocese has given us needed funds. The practice now is to ask each director to try to get along on \$100 for the year, but more is available for extra expenses.

Almost invariably the director will be disappointed the first evening. If his collaborators have assured him, "Everybody is talking about it, Father," and that they should expect at least 200, perhaps 100 might be there. If he plans on at least 100, he will probably get 50 or 60. And, after a couple of weeks, when the curious have found out what it is all about, at least 25% of the first group will be missing.

The schools, however, are for a special group. The leadership of the labor movement is carried in a very few hands. If you can get a good proportion of the active leaders of the movement to weekly discussions, certainly you have the opportunity of bringing the light of Catholic teaching very definitely into the labor movement and to all the related problems of social betterment.

How has the institute been received by organized labor?

Generally the reception has been guided by the personalities in power in the city and state organizations. The state CIO council has been most cooperative. The state Federation of Labor has been a little longer in coming around, but even here we have no reason to complain and of late we have had reason to look for a most excellent cooperation from that source in the future.

In some Connecticut cities the workers are organized almost exclusively by the AFL, while in others the CIO predominates. So in some places leaders of CIO have been our most active and interested members, while in others AFL has taken a more active part. Where there is a strong local communist influence in CIO that influence has been used as effectively as possible against the institute chapter.

Both the AFL and CIO in Connecticut have seen the advantage of the work of the institute. I believe that their cooperation has been more generous and far more sincere than that evidenced on the national plane of these organizations.

If one is inclined to use the influence and activity of the communists in CIO as a criterion to judge the result of Catholic social action, then Connecticut gives grounds for a favorable judgment. From the time of its organization until 1942 the Connecticut CIO state council was dominated by the communists, so that it was in fact what the *New Leader* called it a few weeks

ago, "the left-wing Connecticut CIO council." In 1942, communists began to lose their control and their long-time president lost his office, though they retained many of the vice-presidencies. But at the 1944 CIO state convention the lowest right-wing candidate for state office was about 100 votes above the highest left-wing candidate, and this year, for the first time since the CIO was organized in Connecticut, we have no communists on the state executive board. The institute made a notable contribution to this healthy reform.

Thus does one diocese set out on a program of working with workers to hasten the day so fervently prayed for by Pius XI, when the principles of Catholic social thought will help all men recognize the rights of God and the rules of God in running God's world.

Today the Church in America (and it appears that the pattern is the same throughout much of the world) is entering a new age. Today it must make itself most definitely the champion of the poor, the underprivileged, and the oppressed. The clergy of the last two generations were the builders of the churches and the schools and the convents. They did their job and they did it well.

But they didn't preach effectively the social reforms demanded by Leo XIII, and they didn't denounce the appalling injustices of the economic order that cursed the nation in their day. True, a few of them did, and today they stand out like giants.

Dust to Dust

Funerary fallacies

By H. ROPER, S.J.

Condensed from the *New Zealand Tablet**

The body of the late Archbishop of Canterbury was cremated, in accordance with his wishes. The Church of England places no ban on cremation, as does the Catholic Church, but Dr. Temple was the first Archbishop of Canterbury to depart from Christian tradition in this matter. Former generations of Anglicans would have been greatly perturbed, not to say scandalized.

An Anglican of the 17th century, Sir Thomas Browne, Norwich physician and antiquary, wrote a little treatise, now a classic, on "Urne-Buriall," in which he says:

"The Chaldeans, the great Idolaters of fire, abhorred the burning of their carcasses as a pollution of that Deity. The Persian Magi declined it upon the like scruple, and being only solicitous about their bones, exposed their flesh to [be] the prey of Birds and Dogges. And the Persees now in India, which expose their bodies unto Vultures, and endure not so much as 'feretra' or Beers (biers) of Wood, the proper Fuell of fire, are led on with such niceties."

After a further discursus about the Egyptians, the Scythians and "the old Balearians," Sir Thomas concludes:

"Christians abhorred this way of obsequies, and though they stickt not to give their bodies to be burnt in their

lives, detested that mode after death; affecting rather a depositure than an absumption, and properly submitting unto the sentence of God, to return not unto ashes but unto dust againe, conformable unto the practice of the Patriarchs, the interment of Our Saviour, of Peter, Paul, and the ancient Martyrs."

The "depositure" of man's earthly tenement in the earth, so that "the dust (may) return into its earth, from whence it was," seems the most natural, convenient and decent way of disposing of his mortal remains. What seems unreasonable is that some Christians take all possible means to delay the return to dust, priding themselves on strong vaults, stout coffins, etc. It is reasonable that people in whose remains posterity might be interested, potentates, heroes, saints, should be so distinguished. But for the generality, Christian feeling would dictate the simplest accouterment of the discarded body consistent with decency.

Christians need to be told that many customs which have crept into "Christian burial" are not Christian at all, and in some cases originated with persons who have no faith in immortality. The exclusive attention to the lifeless body, with hardly a thought of the departed spirit, is not Christian but materialist. Why do Christian mourners so often behave as though their loved

*Box 353, Dunedin, New Zealand. May 16, 1945.

ones were in the coffin or the grave, when they should know that their living souls are elsewhere, that merely the mortal "envelope" is interred?

While its rites are performed about the body, the Church's prayers are for the soul of the departed. But in many "Christian" burials, the soul seems forgotten, and attention is concentrated on the lifeless clay and the panoply of a "grand funeral." Ironically, it is the American gangster who holds the record for this kind of grandeur.

An idea is current, more among the Protestants than Catholics, that a grave must be forever sacred to a person once buried there, even when that person's remains have long ago disappeared in the processes of nature. Hence vast acres of cemetery, constantly added to, with their bewildering array of marble or stone monuments. Hence the idea of "war cemeteries" to last *forever*. Bodies do not last forever; after a time cemeteries are just full of earth, like any garden.

There is nothing more beautiful than the old-time churchyard, where the graves which worshipers pass as they go to church are a constant reminder of the dead and a warning to the living. These churchyards sufficed a whole community for generations, until people thought they were "full" and devised the modern cemetery, separated from the church, and rarely visited except for a funeral. The modern cemetery, full of earth and marble, is not full in any other sense.

In New Orleans there is a cemetery in which the graves are built above the

soil with a kind of crypt underneath. The practice was to place coffins in the upper portion; then, after a very considerable time, the coffin was broken up and its contents, dust and bones, mingled with the earth in the crypt. A single tomb of this type lasted a family for centuries. Here we see the Christian principle of "dust to dust," with the modification that remains are preserved until all who have a personal interest in them have themselves departed.

Sir Thomas Browne has some memorable remarks about persons over-anxious for the preservation of their remains:

"Had they made as good provision of their names as they have done for their Reliques, they had not so grossly erred in the art of perpetuation. But to subsist in bones, and be but Pyramidally extant, is a fallacy in duration. Vain ashes, which only arise unto late posterity as Emblems of mortall vanities, Antidotes against pride, vain-glory and maddening vices."

Yet even the hope of indefinitely preserving one's name and reputation is an illusion:

"In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since bad have equal durations, and Thersites is like to live as long as Agamemnon. Who knows whether the best of men be known, or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot than any that stand remembered in the known account of time? The greater part must be content to be as though as they had not been, to be

found in the Register of God, not in the record of man."

It is generally recognized that tombstone encomiums "are not evidence," or, as Dr. Johnson, who composed many, expressed it: "In lapidary inscriptions a man is not upon oath." A charming story is told of Charles Lamb's precocious childhood. He was taken by his sister for a walk through

a cemetery, and after reading the various epitaphs, he asked her, "Mary, where are the naughty people buried?"

"In vain," says Sir Thomas Browne, "do individuals hope for Immortality, or any patent from oblivion, in preservations below the Moon. The sufficiency of Christian Immortality frustrates all earthly glory and makes a folly of posthumous memory."



Flights of Fancy

Heartillery barrage.—*Dorothy Killgallen.*

Soap operas: corn on the sob.—*Barbara Nix.*

A hole in her halo.—Advertisement in *N. Y. Sun.*

A heart that had a halo around it.—*Victor Ullman.*

He wore his hair departed in the middle.—*The Fidelian.*

Advice to loose talkers: build a better mouthtrap.—*Nadine Connors.*

She is a very brilliant conversationalist—you ought to hear her play contract.—*Overheard.*

Don't confuse the number of friends you can count up with the number you can count on.—*Howard Newton.*

He had the will power of a bulldozer.—*Alexander J. A. Zavatsky.*

The moon was flooding the skating rink.—*Sister Mary Carmel Teresa.*

The village went to sleep window by window.—*Edmund Gilligan.*

Free speech should never become free screech.—*Buenos Aires Southern Cross.*

A guy who doesn't know which side his heart is buttered on.—*Elizabeth Mather Young.*

Dawn slipped into the barracks, preceded by the first sergeant.—*Pfc. Victor J. Blume.*

An icy wind frisked him for any warmth concealed about his person.—*Christopher Hale.*

[Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$1 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]

Co-ops Have Mission Value

By JOHN PETER SULLIVAN, S.J.

"No bread, no prayer"

Condensed from the *Missionary Union of the Clergy Bulletin**

The missionary assigned to Jamaica in the hot Caribbean (I happened to be one of the 67 New Englanders so assigned) climbs aboard the Clipper at Miami, soars "*super pennas ventorum*" for about five hours and then banks over the mountains to make a splash landing in the harbor of Kingston, capital of Jamaica, British West Indies.

What does the brand-new missionary discover? A tropic isle of 1½ million population, almost entirely colored, 95% non-Catholic; widespread unemployment and poverty; housing conditions in some instances almost sub-human; a frightening lack of stable family life, with its attendant concubinage and illegitimacy. He meets earthquakes, hurricanes, draught. He discovers illiteracy, ceaseless summer, the *mañana* attitude, shortages in food, in gasoline, and other essentials. The gasoline shortage was rather personal: I have been practically living on a bicycle day and night for three years.

This problem is obviously neither exclusively economic nor exclusively moral. It is a fusion of both.

Logically, the solution is part economic and part moral. So we thought, 14 Jamaican young men, all active members of Our Lady's sodality, and myself. To us, in our presumption, action looked imperative, but action

rooted in thought, study, and prayer. We formed a study club late in 1939, met every Tuesday night, discussed but one topic: solidarity with one another in Christ stemming out from the revealed doctrine of the mystical Body of Christ.

By the grace of God, it worked. After six months, those young Jamaicans, all colored, all Catholic, began to become convinced *subjectively* of the *objective* truth of their solidarity with one another in Christ. This inner conviction exploded externally. They decided to form a cooperative, not an economic cooperative precisely, but one devoted to deepening and expressing that social solidarity. Concretely, that meant for them the introduction of the dialogue Mass.

Inevitably, the phantasm of an economic cooperative, a Rochdale, lit up their imaginations. (And by a Rochdale co-op I mean an institution set up for the satisfaction of human needs, be those needs credit, distribution or marketing, for example, wherein savings would revert solely to the persons who own the institution, wherein equality of ownership and control would be anchored in the Rochdale principle of one member, one vote.)

We scraped up a pamphlet or two from Antigonish in Nova Scotia, met every Tuesday evening for 13 months,

*109 E. 38th St., New York City. June, 1945.

and came up with a co-op credit union fully legalized by the Jamaican government.* The initial share capital stood at \$1.75. Today, two and a half years later, the share capital has risen to almost \$10,000.

With this one co-op, legally the Solidarity Credit Union, Ltd., as a testing laboratory, we began to organize other co-op study clubs, out of which have emerged slowly "going cooperatives," particularly in credit, distribution and marketing. Those came into existence among fishermen and farmers, stenographers and factory workers, urban and rural groups, Protestants and Catholics alike. The over-all retrospect today is:

1. An extension school in adult education, attached to the Jesuit College in Kingston, has been set up, offering night courses in such subjects as co-op credit, distribution, marketing, housing and rural life. Our little labor school is now in its second year of operation.

2. An all-island credit union league has been established, without any outside subsidy whatsoever, by the credit unionists themselves, made up of 16 fully legalized credit unions in addition to others on the way to legislation.

3. Dozens of small consumer co-ops of modest capital are springing up.

4. A number of rural marketing co-ops, dealing especially in eggs and poultry, has been in operation almost five years. Those marketing co-ops owe an unpayable debt of gratitude to the vision, the energy, and patience of the

veteran Jamaican missionary, Father Frank Kemple, S.J. of Akron, Ohio, who organized and directed them. Among other things, the marketing co-operatives aim to liberate the small farmers from the middlemen who in the past have robbed them.

But most of our work, by far, is not academic; it is organizing; that is, out on the road.

We on the Caribbean front use the co-ops to prepare for, accompany, and reinforce our catechetical work. For what boots it to run a catechism class on the missions, yes, a catechism class with all the charts and projects and the new pedagogic paraphernalia (it's valuable stuff; I use it, out of the Catechetical Guild in St. Paul, Minn.) if the people to be catechized simply do not come to the catechism class because they have no shoes, no dress, no pants, but—lots of pride? And this happens on the missions. Otherwise, "no bread, no prayer."

There are two ways to get that daily bread we pray for in the Our Father. One way is charity. The other is the co-op way. By charity *we* give the bread to them. In the co-op way *they* cooperate to give the bread to themselves. Charity is help. The co-op way is self-help. Charity is curative. The co-op way is preventative. Charity (and obviously I am not speaking of the habitually destitute for whom the only answer is charity) tends, in our experience, to spoil people, make them dependent, "dole-minded." The co-op way makes them independent, legitimately self-sufficient, reliable; in fact,

*See CATHOLIC DIGEST, Jan., '45, p. 77.

altruistic. "Bear ye one another's burdens; and so you shall fulfill the law of Christ" can, I feel, be safely "accommodated" to a Grace-full co-op movement.

My experience profoundly convinces me that the co-op way, with its emphasis on democratic control, all-member participation, learning by doing, pooling to assist one another in Christ, sharing in earnings in proportion to loyalty, and the spreading of ownership, in the satisfaction at cost of such elemental objectivities as food, credit, land, shelter, is a singularly solid forge on which to hammer out genuine adult education. (Out in the missions, the Church's growth is stymied if she herself through admittedly inadequate charitable agencies is perpetually absorbed in "handing out" these "elementals" instead of having the faithful, through their own co-ops, provide for themselves.)

Adult education along co-op lines is closely connected with the Church's objectives in a mission country. In the mission Church we must build up not only a strong native clergy and an economically self-sustaining hierarchy, but also a native laity, intelligent, informed, aggressive, holy, capable of incarnating their own mission milieu.

Now to mention one aspect of the milieu: for the common good we must have a legitimate "say" in the legal, agricultural and industrial decisions affecting the mission people. We must not be confined merely to protest from the "outside." We must get "inside," for instance, in the framing of the

country's laws, in getting a square deal for workers, etc. *Qua* priests we are blocked. But in an adult-education program we can train our mission laymen to get in there and fight. (That is just what has happened in Jamaica.)

For the specifically Catholic parish groups on the mission front, the co-op way can, under intelligent and prayerful priestly direction, be nicely tied into our liturgical and Catholic Action programs. Our evolution in Jamaica has been *from co-op worship to co-op work*.

"It is not to be supposed that activity of this kind is something foreign to priestly ministry because the field in which it is exercised is economic. It is precisely in this field that the eternal salvation of souls is imperiled. Therefore it is our will that priests consider it as one of their duties to give as much of their time as possible to social science and social action by study, observation and work and to support in all ways those who in this sphere exercise a wholesome influence for the good of Catholics." These are the words of Benedict XV to the Bishop of Bergamo, on March 11, 1920. Later Popes, the entire American hierarchy, and individual bishops have endorsed the co-operative apostolate.

In many American dioceses there are the rural-life directors, priests officially appointed by the bishops, acting by and for the bishop in the prosecution of the diocesan rural-life program. Is it only by accident that a major plank in those rural-life programs is the rural cooperative?

The Novel and Philosophy

By JOHN W. SIMONS

The thoughts that push a pen

Condensed from the *Catholic Messenger**

In general the novel is of two types, romantic and realistic. The romantic novel deals with life, not as it is, but either as it might be, ought to be, or is imagined to have been in some remote time or place. It is basically an escape from life as we know it, a retreat from actuality. The realistic novel pretends to evoke life as it is actually lived. It dwells by preference in the here and now, and is immensely concerned with the whys and wherefores of human behavior.

A novel, however, whether romantic or realistic or both, is still *fiction*; that is to say, it is still something not real, but invented; it is the product of an author's imagination. It is the author who creates the characters and the situations, and this remains true no matter to what extent he relies upon his observation of actual life. It is the author who gives form and movement to the novel as a work of art, and is responsible, in great measure, for the impact his novel makes upon the minds of his readers.

It should be clear from this that the novelist himself, rightly or wrongly, becomes an important factor in the selection of a novel. We must know from what vantage point he views reality; what preconceptions he has of the nature and function of man; what meaning, if any, he gives to life. If, for

example, a novelist does not believe in original sin and its consequences, his projection of character will be unfocused and unreal. The misbehavior of man must be accounted for, and, in the absence of the Christian concept of sin, other concepts substituted. It is not unusual, therefore, to find a novelist who accounts for man's less desirable antics by placing the full burden on factors outside of man, on environment, for instance, heredity, or overactive glands. Where the burden is not placed on factors outside the personality, as in the case of the Freudian novelist, the human personality is treated as a case study in pathology, and sin becomes a disease to be cured rather than a wrong to be repented.

All these things, either outside personality or deep within it, do condition a man's behavior, and the novelist is right in taking them into consideration. The vigorous and responsible author cannot afford to neglect the well-certified discoveries of science, but he can still less afford to neglect the traditional heritage of philosopher and theologian. How can that novel have either breadth or profundity which pictures man as forever imprisoned in the iron cage of corporeal fact? How can that author claim to be a realist who is a stranger to the realities of God and supernature, of grace and free will?

*410 1/3 Brady St., Davenport, Iowa. July 12, 1945.

His novels will have the amplitude of a teacup and the depth of a saucer.

With certain notable exceptions, the contemporary novel is deficient in the sense of sin as the Catholic understands it: sin, that is, considered as a turning away from God in the interests of self and created things. It is deficient in the sense of God's providence mysteriously working through the waywardness of history. It ignores the spirit world of angels and of demons; it comfortably ignores the reality of eternal punishment; it cheapens, when it does not ignore, the vision of the Kingdom of God.

The western world has still something to learn from the Russian novelist, Dostoevski, who, allowing for his shortcomings and excesses, was a supreme theological realist. His world was God-centered. He saw life as essentially dramatic, as a conflict of vast, supernatural dimensions, where the powers of darkness and of light were awesomely deployed at the frontiers of the spirit. He saw not merely the struggle of man with man, or of man with his environment, but the more intense struggle of what St. Paul described as the "law of the mind" and the "law of the members," the struggle of man with God and of man with Satan. It is this theological realism the modern novel needs more than anything else, and the few Catholic novelists who have learned this lesson are bringing a newer power and a more sheer reality to their analyses of character and destiny.

Behind every serious novel is an im-

plied world view or philosophy of life. It may be the philosophers who think the thoughts, but it is frequently the novelists who set those thoughts in motion and give them popularity. When we explore the field of the modern novel we discover a generous diffusion of the following attitudes: 1. lack of faith in God; 2. lack of faith in reason; 3. distrust of creeds and churches; 4. the reduction of religion to a vague emotionalism; 5. denial to life of final purpose. These ideas flourished in the 20's and their autumn is not yet over. But a reaction has set in, as it was bound to, for man will not forever be cheated of hope, and he will invent a new faith when he has scrapped the old.

But what does the novelist offer us in the way of new faiths? Where lies the new hope? It lies chiefly in the safest of all places, the future. Not in that future which beckons beyond the ramparts of time, that is to say, eternity; but in the concrete, negotiable future. We are encouraged to look forward to a world in which not man but society will be the hero, where indeed, man can be liquidated in the interest of society. And some authors like to tell us that the new Kingdom of God will be a technocracy, a world of dream devices, a Utopia of science. Those are the reformer novelists for whom the substance of life is still composed of bread and bricks, however improved the bread and however altered the bricks.

The contemporary novel is frequently a novel of propaganda, that is, it has

ideas to sell. In reading such a novel we have to take into consideration two things, the soundness of the idea the novelist has for sale, and the way he maneuvers his characters and situations in the interest of the idea. A man who is riding a theory is seldom a great novelist, for the zealot rarely sees life steadily and whole. He risks the danger of falsifying reality in the interests of his theory and gives scant justice to theories conflicting with his own. Novels on racial problems, slum clearance, labor questions, land distribution, and so on, may serve the excellent purpose of establishing public awareness of genuine social evils; but they are seldom of enduring value, not only because the problems they attempt to solve are local and passing, but because the characters themselves are ideas on stilts rather than flesh-and-blood realities.

Fighting the cause of Christ through the medium of the novel may be very effective, but it runs the same risks as any other novel propaganda, and sometimes it does much more harm than good. One frequent blunder of the novel of edification is to twist the plot into a vehicle for the distribution of justice. We see virtue rewarded and vice punished. We see the good life justified in terms of purely human happiness and the evil life repudiated on the principle of diminishing returns. The reader is left with a hazy impression that honesty is the best policy and that crime doesn't pay. Life is much more complex than this. We have all seen the apparent prosperity

of evil and the apparent ill success of good. The truth of the matter is that goodness and justice do not always have their triumph in this life, and for the novelist to pretend that it does is mere pious chicanery. One would like to see more happy endings than our modern novels provide, but if the price is to be a falsification of life or an excessive simplification of life, it is a price an intelligent reader will be unwilling to pay.

There are many reasons for reading novels, but they can, perhaps, all be reduced to two: the desire to come to terms with life or the desire to escape from it. Great art endeavors to fulfill the first of these desires; any innocent mode of recreation will do for the second. But if we read novels for recreation we had better understand what recreation means. It is an interlude in the serious business of life from which we can return to that business refreshed and alert. But if the interlude between the acts distracts us from the play itself there is something obviously wrong. The reader whose literary diet consists primarily of the newspapers and light novels is being dangerously undernourished. Sometimes we speak with hope of a great American Catholic novelist. That novelist will never arrive until there is a public to deserve him.

The Christian philosophy has something to contribute to the novel of the future. It was Pascal who reminded us that all philosophies, Christianity excepted, have tended to express man's personality in terms of excess weakness

or excess strength. That is why so many contemporary novels have for their central character either a pre-Piltown anthropoid or a Nietzschean superman. It is the Christian philosophy alone which preserves the delicate

balance between wounded human nature and its godlike aspirations. If the contemporary realistic novel is in a pitiable plight, it can hope for rescue only through intervention of a correct theology of sin, redemption, and grace.



The Vincencian Way

By W. JAMES DOYLE

A sample of social work

Condensed from the *Carmelite Review**

Alma Jones' baby died this morning in Milwaukee. Poor Alma seriously says there was nothing much wrong with it; she doesn't know why it died. But she will no longer be awakened by the choking baby coughs, the pitiful struggle to breathe, the weak little cries.

Like most Negroes, Alma has been trained since childhood to conceal emotion in the presence of white men; she attempts an abashed smile and asks two white visitors from the St. Vincent de Paul Society of the St. Benedict the Moor mission parish to step into her wretched kitchen. As gently as they can, they speak of our Lord's welcoming a new little saint into heaven; they fumble for words to explain that life is but a journey to a blessed reward, and how fortunate her little boy really is to have reached his reward so soon.

Alma can understand the part about

life's hard journey. For years now, life has presented her with nothing better than one desperate crisis after another. Once a self-respecting lady's maid, well-treated and honored in many of the city's wealthy homes, Alma married Joe Jones and settled down to enjoy the hard-working career of a decent, colored mother. They had four healthy youngsters in four years, before Joe started going with a succession of other girls and finally left her.

Alma and her brood became charges of the county relief organization; Joe drifted out of town whenever the county people got too hot on his trail with nonsupport actions.

But a healthy woman gets lonely; so, when Joe came back one afternoon three years later, Alma welcomed him. She didn't see him again for more than a year, but her fifth baby was born nine months to the day after that visit.

*6413 Dante Ave., Chicago, Ill. June, 1945.

One windy, zero-cold night, Vincentians were visiting a comfortable home in the heart of the colored district, when they learned that a fire, two doors away, had ruined a tavern and the flat above it. Thinking they might be of help, they climbed blackened stairs, flashlights in hand.

The fire had charred floor, walls, and ceiling. Soot, smoke, and water had wrecked the few pieces of rickety furniture. Clean fruit crates had been spread in the middle of the debris-strewn floor, and on these the mother had huddled her children to shiver through the night.

Frightened by their flashlights, she rose and stepped to the doorless opening; then, seeing their white skins, she managed a bashful half-smile. "Please don't be afraid of us," they said softly. "We are members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and we came to ask you if we could help you."

"Why, that's sure nice of you genulmen, but Ah don't reckon you could he'p me much in the fix Ah'm in right now." She looked about the room dispiritedly, and they noticed she was heavy with the weight of a new life.

"May we ask your name?"

"Ah'm Mrs. Alma Jones."

"Are your children warm enough?"

The little figures stirred at the sound of the voices.

"Well, some o' them quilts got purty soaked with watuh, but Ah reckon them kids is warm enough fer tonight. Sho doan know what Ah'm gonna do t'morra, though."

So that was how it happened that Alma Jones and her kiddies were moved in above a brothel. In all the teeming district not another bit of living space could be found, but they made, and are still making, strenuous efforts to re-locate her.

On this evening after the baby's death, the Vincentians looked rather helplessly about her hovel, at the linoleum they gave her to cover the splintery floor, at the furniture, every stick of which came from their salvage bureau's warehouse, at the food they have given her to supplement the county's rations. The layette they brought her at the county hospital when the baby arrived is already washed and neatly ironed; she thinks they might want to take it all along for some other poor woman's baby, now that her child is dead.

They promise to arrange for the baby's funeral with the society's undertaker and for the Mass of the Angels at the Capuchin mission. They write out a little food order (oranges, cheese, breakfast food, bacon) and tell her they'll bring two or three additional window screens on their next visit, since flies swarm everywhere in the fetid room—as it is, windows must be opened to relieve the stench which permeates the tenement.

They are ready to burst with the helpless pity of it all as they pick their way down the littered steps. They know what that baby died of. Four big families, and a brothel, all in a building constructed, 60 or 70 years ago, to hold one large family in comfort. Six

human beings crowded into two stifling, stinking rooms, with the rats, the silverfish and bedbugs swarming through the walls. At least, now that the baby is dead, he won't mind the roaches walking across his face. Why, before they installed those two adjustable screens, the very air was so foul that it cut your throat and nostrils with a sort of acid bite. That baby's a darn sight better off dead, they murmur angrily.

At their passing, one of the slats falls off the rickety stairway and clatters to the floor below. Three or four of the prostitutes look up at them from their open doorway. These women have seen them before; know they're not detectives, but can't figure them out. They say "Good evening." The men reply civilly and pass into the comparatively fresh air of the squalid street.

It is about nine o'clock in the evening; the call at Alma Jones's will be the last call of the evening, though several other urgent cases are awaiting attention. They agree to return to the district the following evening, and drive to the Capuchin monastery where live the hard-working Fathers who tend to the spiritual and, frequently enough, the material needs of the colored in their city.

These two Vincentians belong to a group of 16 men who constitute the St. Benedict the Moor conference of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. They have in their care, either spiritually or materially, more than 80 colored families living in Milwaukee's

overcrowded Negro district. They visit each family weekly, bringing them food, clothing, shoes, rent money, and many other forms of direct assistance.

They are frequently called upon to solve tangled and involved social problems, ranging from obtaining birth certificates (from the negligent South) to securing positions and patching up marriages. By far the most important part of their work consists in locating and talking to lukewarm and fallen-away Catholic Negroes and in attempting, through the example of simple love, to persuade non-Catholic Negroes to investigate the true faith.

According to the century-old rule of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul (founded in Paris by Frederick Ozanam), the men make visits to the homes in pairs. They make calls only on assignment from the pastor of the mission, Capuchin Father Philip Steffes, spiritual director of the conference. Coming from every walk of life, the men bring to each problem the practical viewpoint of active Catholic laymen and the experience of their rule.

Members of the conference preserve a strict anonymity. Among them are two lawyers, a mailman, a production executive, an advertising man, a surveyor, a teacher, and a professional social worker. All contribute, without recompense, many hours each week. Three of the conference members are Negroes, and it is believed more Negroes will be attracted to the work as time goes on.

In Milwaukee, Negroes have been herded into a small ghetto-like district

only a few blocks in area, where they are forced to rear their children in an environment which would ruin any decent family in a short time.

Humiliated, discriminated against, and imposed upon in many small ways each day, Milwaukee's colored gladly turn to the Church for the inspiration, consolation, and justification they so sorely need. Jehovah's Witnesses are very active among them; communists have gained many adherents, while on corner after corner of the teeming Negro district, countless "churches" with high-sounding titles beckon to the bewildered seeker after truth.

Because they have come to be known and trusted, and are hard working, and earnest, the Vincentians in Milwaukee have experienced little difficulty in dealing with their colored friends. One

team devotes its full time to catechetical instruction of the old and infirm and of young mothers of large families who cannot leave their children long enough to come to the monastery. All other converts are required to attend instructions regularly, and all but the most feeble go to Mass each Sunday as a prerequisite to instructions.

Five members of the conference give talks each Holy Name Sunday before parish Holy Name Society breakfast meetings throughout city and county. Their talk, "The Catholic Church and the Negro," proves that injustice to the Negro is of Protestant and pagan origin. They dwell upon the practical application of the doctrine of the mystical Body of Christ with reference to our Negro friends, that we all may be one as equals and brothers in Him.



Check

In New York, the celebrated publishing company, Random House, has had a little run-in with Gertrude Stein, the lady who mangles the English language. Some weeks ago, Random House published Miss Stein's new book *Wars I Have Seen*, and sent some copies to Paris for her inspection. Pleased at the appearance of the book, she cabled New York: "Book received lovely page lovely book love to Random House." Entering into the spirit of the thing, Random House thereupon sent Miss Stein a check made out for "Two thousand thousand dollars dollars." The writer's next cable was in perfect English: "Cut out this nonsense, and make my check out properly." Exactly: a pose is a pose, but a check is a check is a check.

Richard J. Needham in the *Calgary Herald* (16 July '45).

Who's Deaf? Who's Dumb?

By MARY L. WARD

No Boogie Woogie

As one whose ears have been purely ornamental for years, I am willing to admit that wherever you find the deaf you are pretty sure to find the dumb, meaning those who have hearing, "but hear not." We, the deafened, discover sooner or later that our handicap is a sort of searchlight playing upon the characteristics of our associates. And so we find the (spiritually and intellectually) dumb sometimes where we least expect them.

The deaf, those who have never been able to hear, do not have to go through that heart-sickening period of readjustment which is the first, perhaps the greatest, difficulty of the deafened, those who have had perfectly good hearing and have lost it. Some of us never do get through that period. We just withdraw from life, build an ivory tower without any windows, and live and die in it.

I have all the sympathy in the world for those who give up, and yet I know only too well that there is no need of it, and it is all wrong to do it. I came so close to it myself that I know how it feels. But circumstances forced me to remain in active life, and today, after 20 years of deafness, I truly believe life has been, for me, far more interesting and profitable than it ever would or could have been had I retained my hearing.

It is the dumb (or should I say the dumbbells?) who discourage the deaf-

ened. When they misunderstand or misinterpret us, we generally have to shoulder the blame. When something funny happens, the laugh is always on us. In the early days of our deafness we do not know how to turn a laugh to our own advantage. We cannot do that until we learn from experience that deafness really has a funny side. We are in position to put into and get a lot of fun out of life, but we are so sensitive, self-conscious, in fact, vain, at first, that we just can't see the joke. We ought to be glad we can amuse so easily. All we need to do is give the wrong answer.

As long as we try to hide our deafness we ought not blame anyone for expecting us to hear. We try to look interested, alert, imitating the reactions of other listeners to show how we are right with them in following the conversation; then, just when we think we are getting away with it, we say something that upsets the applecart. And that is where the deaf are dumb. When we pretend to hear, when we imagine there is something shameful about deafness and try every trick under the sun to cover it up; that is dumb.

As soon as I realized this, I made it a point to announce immediately upon meeting a person: "I am deaf; I can't hear a thing!" It is a mistake to avoid the word *deaf*. As soon as we get used to saying it, we have no more fear of it, and no more shame about

it. Once a deaf person admits his handicap frankly, he makes it easy for others to decide just who is dumb—the one who gives fair warning that he cannot hear, or the one who goes right on expecting the deaf to hear.

If we jump at the sound of a sudden clap of thunder, one of our dumb friends will ask in amazement, "Did you hear that?" And then, in the midst of a pianissimo recital of some juicy bit of gossip, another will shout, "Can't you hear me?" If we are too polite to laugh in their faces, at least we can laugh up our sleeves.

Naturally, the deafened would escape a large share of their troubles if it were possible for them to associate exclusively with highly intelligent, cultured persons. Who wouldn't? But, even if they did happen to prefer our company, there are not nearly enough highly intelligent, cultured persons to go around.

Our handicap is especially annoying to others because we are such a complete flop as an audience. So vanity takes another bow. Our own vanity prevents us from acknowledging or being reconciled to our deafness. The vanity of those who can hear prevents them from enjoying or even tolerating anyone upon whom their words of wit and wisdom are lost.

Well, when we get a proper perspective on all this, we find deafness is not an unmixed evil. We do not have to avoid stuffed shirts, or boring neighborhood gossips. They go where they can get an earful in return. We do not have to listen to radio programs by and

for morons. We sit through everything like living exponents of St. Teresa's admonition: Let nothing disturb thee.

Deaf persons who make a hobby of reading are likely to forge ahead of their associates in everything except current gossip. Our neighbors may think us dumb because we know only what the newspaper tells about Mrs. Moneybags' trip to Reno. We may find them a little less than brilliant when they get all upset about writing a simple book review for the Wednesday Evening Literary society.

We have no right to pat ourselves on the back if our activities are so restricted we have time and inclination to do more reading than other people. But we do have a right to feel that we are not quite so dumb as we might be if deafness did not cut us off from the puerile pursuits which occupy so much time in the lives of "normal" persons.

Once we get over that unreasonable early stage of deafness, things begin to brighten up. While it is best to be independent as possible, it is nevertheless advisable to ask for help if and when needed. I learned in browsing through popular books on psychology that asking a small favor of a person gives him a feeling of friendliness for you. And my experience in applied psychology proves it. Everywhere I find the kindest persons you could hope to meet: like the handsome St. Louis traffic cop who stopped the parade while he wrote answers to my inquiries and then escorted me to the curb with the gallantry of Sir Walter himself.

And there was the cab driver in Chicago who looked like Clark Gable. He drove blocks out of his way to show me a beautiful cathedral and would not take a cent over the regular fare to my destination. This happened during one of those bloody taxi feuds of which I was blissfully unaware until I read a Chicago newspaper that evening. I went to bed praying that my friend would not be shot. It is not exactly coincidence that the men who come to my rescue are usually the best looking ones in sight. I haven't lost all my senses.

Then there was the time I went sight-seeing—alone as usual—in the capitol at Albany, N. Y. A guard I had just passed was trying to tell me to go back; no visitors allowed in that section. A smiling man opened one of the doors as I sailed along the corridor in ignorance of the rumpus behind me. He said something and I replied, "Sorry, I can't hear you. I am deaf." With that he came out and guided me through the whole section, including the governor's chambers. He was a very good, although to me inaudible,

guide. His name was Alfred E. Smith.

Since there are so many of us who cannot hear, and since no one who can hear seems to understand our problems, it is up to us who are deaf to help one another.

A satisfactory and permanent readjustment to deafness cannot be made, however, unless and until we submit to the will of God, who allowed this handicap to be visited upon us. Once we accept it cheerfully for His sake, He, not to be outdone in generosity, shows us the way to live a happy, useful life in spite of it.

It is a privilege to be able to make others laugh, and no deaf person can deny he has that privilege. If we laugh, too, others cannot laugh at us, they can only laugh with us. I like to think of G. K. Chesterton's fantastic ideas about divine humor, and I like to think that my deafness may cause even God to smile. After all, it may well have been His sense of humor that prompted Him to deliver me, a professional musician of the old classical school, from what only He could have foreseen 20 years ago: Boogie Woogie.



It happened during the blessing of the new Sacred Heart chapel somewhere in Hawaii. While Bishop Sweeney was circumnavigating the chapel and sprinkling holy water upon the edifice, a dog was aroused from a peaceful slumber underneath the tropical sun. He began to bark in a very disturbing manner. The Bishop was heard to murmur underneath his breath and between chants, "Don't pay any attention to him, Chaplain, he's probably an atheist."

AMM. 1/c E. J. Sienko, in a letter.

Labor's Religious Basis

By PHILIP MURRAY

Putting first things first

Condensed chapter of a book*

At the close of the first World War, a committee of Catholic bishops wrote a Program of Social Reconstruction expressing the hope that the right of labor to organize and to deal with employers through freely chosen representatives would never again be called into question by employers. Their optimism, in the light of subsequent events, was not well founded. Well-informed, objective students of American labor history agree in the main that many American captains of industry are still not convinced of the soundness of the principle of unionism. Despite the Wagner Act and the decision of the Supreme Court sustaining its constitutionality, they recognize the union only when compelled. Down in their hearts they believe the so-called open shop is the American way of doing business. They believe, sincerely or otherwise, that the open shop is the genuine American way of conducting employer-employee relations.

I believe that the open-shop campaign and other forms of anti-unionism violate the democratic principles set forth in our Declaration of Independence. The statement that "all men are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights" is utterly devoid of meaning unless it implies that each human being, however lowly of station, possesses inherent worth and

dignity. American democracy is based upon a great spiritual affirmation. To hold otherwise is to misread the mind and intent of the signers of the Declaration. Their statement embodies the belief that God exists; that He alone is the source of man's worth and dignity; that no human power can lawfully take from man his right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

Those who champion the open shop as "the American way" argue that unionism is incompatible with democracy because it violates "the God-given right of the individual worker to make whatever bargain he pleases with his employer." That is a perverted notion of democracy, and if allowed to prevail, it will end by destroying genuine democracy. On the other hand, the principle of unionism not only harmonizes with the kind of democracy embodied in the Declaration of Independence, but also helps implement it and give it concrete meaning.

If we view the contemporary industrial scene realistically, we are struck with the hard, cold fact that the average worker, when left to his own resources and devices, is powerless to maintain his dignity as a human person. He possesses the *right* to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. But how successfully can he ever enforce it against an employer, backed perhaps

*Democracy: Should it Survive? 1943. Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, 1, Wis. 159 pp. \$2.

with all the might of an industrial empire, who regards this worker's labor as a mere commodity, to be bought and sold in the market like a sack of potatoes? The worker's right is meaningless and little more than hollow mockery unless he can somehow match power with power in the bargaining process. This he can do only by uniting with his fellows. His right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness becomes a reality only if he enjoys the right to organize and to bargain with his employer through his chosen representatives.

The dignity of the worker, as a being made to the image and likeness of God, entitles him to a living that befits human dignity. As a mere individual, the average worker, under modern industrial conditions, lacks power to secure it. He cannot bargain on equal terms with those who have power to grant or withhold access to the goods of the earth. To do so, he must seek the help of his fellows by uniting with them.

Moralists teach that every worker has the right to enough of the goods of the earth to be able to live as befits his dignity. This, in the concrete, means the right to a living wage and to the legitimate means to implement that right. Such means, these moralists teach, include the right to organize and bargain through freely chosen representatives and the right to strike against an employer who refuses to grant just demands with regard to wages, hours of work, and conditions of employment.

From the viewpoint of sound morals, each right must be recognized as a natural right. The basis is the principle of human dignity. Neither the benevolence of employers, nor the ability of workers to match power with power, nor the law of the land, can constitute solid and enduring foundations for labor's rights. Workers know by bitter experience, here and elsewhere, what may likely be the fate of their rights when regarded as concessions granted by those who wield political or economic power.

We can speak of man's natural rights only if we recognize the truth of man's divine origin and his link with the eternal. If we deny this basic truth, we cut away the ground upon which rests the inviolability of human rights. Deny man's link with God and his transcendence over the merely temporal, and you forge for him the first link in the chain of servitude. You make him a mere cog, a mere instrument, of the collectivity. You fall into the frightful error of those who believe, and assert with all the force of armed might, that man is only a robot to further the interests of the greater whole, be it state or race.

The logical consequences of the principle of human dignity as applied to economic life is that workers should become partners with owners and managers in the direction of industry. Workers are active agents of production, much more so than the average stockholders in a corporate business, who, for the most part, exercise but nominal control over their property.

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Yet economists generally speak of industry as if it were the sole domain of employers. Labor is looked upon as something which employers merely hire, just as they hire capital. Workers, according to this view, contribute nothing to production that entitles them to participate in its control. They are not considered an integral part of industry, and at the most when organized are conceded a voice in determining wages, hours, and certain conditions of employment. More important matters such as production and price policies and the allocation of profits are supposed to be exclusively under the control of management.

The idea that labor should become a partner, even a junior partner, in the guidance of American economic life may cause some to lift their eyebrows. Happily, this writer finds that his proposal echoes that of a group of eminent men. More than 20 years ago, just after the first World War, the American Catholic hierarchy issued a pastoral letter. It stated:

"The time seems now to have arrived when it (the union) should be, not supplanted, but supplemented by associations or conferences, composed jointly of employers and employees, which will place emphasis upon the common interests rather than the divergent aims of the two parties, upon cooperation rather than conflict. Through such arrangements, all classes would be greatly benefited. The worker would participate in those matters of industrial management which directly concern him and about which

he possesses helpful knowledge; he would acquire an increased sense of personal dignity and personal responsibility, take greater interest and pride in his work, and become more efficient and contented."

The bishops put their finger on one of the main reasons why employer-employee relations should advance beyond the present limits of collective bargaining. "The worker," they say, "would participate in those matters of industrial management which directly concern him." There are no decisions made in industry which so vitally affect the interests of workers as do those which have to do with prices and production. The policies that determine these decisions determine not only the share of the joint product that goes to the worker, but also whether he has employment or not. Too often, workers have bargained successfully for an increase in wages, only to have it offset by an increase in prices. Or, perhaps they have found soon afterward that some of their fellow workers have been displaced because of technological changes, or laid off because of curtailed production. With the last and most decisive word remaining with the employer, even the strongest union can hope to have only limited success in winning substantial benefits for its members.

Mass unemployment has been well termed America's No. 1 social problem. This problem has taken on the dimensions of an evil comparable only to war. Workers in their dual role of producers and consumers have been

the chief victims. The national effort to solve the unemployment problem has brought about temporary relief; a permanent solution is the chief item on the national agenda after the war is over. Solving this huge problem will test to the utmost our ability to survive as a democracy. Either we write *finis* to this item of unfinished business, or history may write *finis* to us as a free people.

The problem of how to integrate the machine into a sound social order can and must be solved, despite national failure thus far. No insuperable obstacles stand in the way. The problem has taken on serious dimensions because we have almost completely ignored the principle of the dignity of man. We as a nation have allowed money and the machine to usurp the primacy that rightly belongs to man. This is a monstrous sin, the perversion of means into ends. Labor is looked upon as something to feed to the ma-

chine, and to be obtained as cheaply as possible. Men able and willing to work are denied the opportunity to work because the men who run the economic system find it more profitable to limit output than to operate at full capacity.

The moment we recognize this perversion as a crime against the dignity of man, that moment we win half the battle against the twin evils of involuntary poverty and widespread unemployment. A sound social order becomes possible when we put man first and money and the machine second. It will be quite easy to get blueprints for an economic system that will fully utilize our resources in men, money, and machines, in the interests of all and each. But we must put first things first; we must recognize the primacy of human dignity. We must recognize the religious basis of unionism, the simple truth that the worker is made to the image and likeness of God, with rights befitting that dignity.



Slight Slip

When the Germans surrendered, Parker Pen Co. sent General Eisenhower two pens with which to sign capitulation documents, suggesting that he use both, retain one, and send the other back to the company for its historical collection. In the signing, three signatures were necessary, and General Ike used both pens and had to borrow another. He sent one pen to President Truman, another to Prime Minister Churchill. Then, remembering the Parker Pen people also expected one, he sent them the borrowed pen. It turned out to be a pen made by the W. A. Shaeffer Pen Co. of Ft. Madison, Iowa.

The Presidio (Aug. '45).

Obstacles to a beginning

Counteroffensive

By HUGH DUNN

Condensed from the *Catholic Mirror**

"Doth it please you—unto the praise and glory of the holy and undivided Trinity, Father and Son and Holy Ghost, to decree and declare that the sacred and general Council of Trent do begin, and hath begun? *"Placet!"*

Cardinal Del Monte, first of papal legates, from the pulpit of the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, at Trent, was seeking the good pleasure of the assembled cardinals, archbishops, bishops and theologians. With the *Placet* of the assembly, the historic Council of Trent was opened on Dec. 13, 1545.

The Catholic Church was passing through perhaps the most crucial period of her history. The seamless garment of continental Christendom was then being torn to shreds. Heresy and schism were rampant. The Vicar of Christ was assailed by enemies from within and without. Could the Bark of Peter weather the storm?

Only a few decades before, Luther had burned the papal bull in the square of Wittenburg and openly declared war on "Roman oppression and corruption." Religious Orders had been suppressed and the ritual substantially changed under Lutheran princes. A new religion, based on justification by faith alone (to the exclusion of good works), under the stimulus of power-politics and armed might, was making terrifying inroads into Catholicism.

While Luther and his lieutenant,

Melanchthon, were fanning the fires of heresy in Germany, Zwingli was preparing the tinder in Switzerland. Twenty years before the great assembly, Huldreich Zwingli got control of the state council of Zurich, set up a national church, confiscated Church property, and prohibited celebration of Mass. He won five cantons to his cause.

Under John Calvin, the new doctrines were molded into a system of theology and spread into the Rhine provinces of Germany, into Hungary, Poland, the Netherlands, and France. The lights of Catholic faith were going out all over Europe.

As though this were not enough, other fires were smoldering across the channel. Henry VIII, King of England, infatuated with Anne Boleyn, sought to have his marriage to Catherine of Aragon declared null and void. The case was finally called to Rome. This was a signal for Henry to embark on a policy that led step by step to denial of papal authority.

Cranmer (a priest who had secretly married and embraced the new doctrines) was named to the See of Canterbury. As Archbishop of Canterbury he decreed the invalidity of Henry's marriage. Pope Clement VII countered by excommunicating Henry.

The embers of schism and heresy had now been fanned to flame. In 1535,

*P. O. Box 1570, Springfield, 1, Mass. July, 1945.

by the Act of Supremacy, the King was declared the head of the English Church. The break with Rome became complete.

The oath of succession was imposed upon all subjects. Refusal was construed as treason. The mass of English bishops, priests and monks submitted. John Fisher, 70-year-old Bishop of Rochester, and Thomas More, one-time chancellor of the realm, were exceptions. Their loyalty cost them their lives.

Add to those tragedies the ever-terrifying threat of the Turk, the internecine struggles of Christian princes, the presence of unworthy men in high ecclesiastical places, and we have a segment of that depressing panorama that passed before the minds of the Fathers assembled at Trent.

Why did 20 years slip by before a council of war was convened?

The answer is not simple. For almost 15 years before convening the council, the pontiffs left no stone unturned to bring about a general assembly. When frustrated through the malice of the Lutherans and the national selfishness of Christian princes, the popes used every orthodox strategy to stem further apostasy and heal the rupture. The Roman pontiffs were not remiss. What is most disconcerting is to view the machinations of so-called Christian monarchs who placed national interests above those of Christianity.

Perhaps Clement VII in the beginning was not sold on the idea of a general council, as he believed Luther

and his followers would not abide by its decisions. Charles V was convinced it was the only satisfactory remedy. He made persistent overtures to the Pope in the interest of a council. Charles was not wholly prompted by apostolic motives. He wished to restore unity and sought certain vague formulae to which all could subscribe without essential compromise.

As early as 1530, Clement presided at a consistory which unanimously decided to hold a general assembly. That there might be no delay, the Pontiff addressed letters to the Christian princes in the same year. However, the Emperor, whose assistance was indispensable, was preoccupied. The Protestant League of Smalkald was threatening disruption of the empire, and armies of the Sultan were poised for an invasion. Both league and Mussulmen were aided and abetted by the French King. Two years later, in an atmosphere of relative calm, Clement addressed new letters in the interest of the council.

Before any preliminary steps could be taken, Pope Clement died, on Sept. 25, 1534, with the Protestants still refusing to fight the Turks, France honeycombed with intrigues, and new political differences looming between Emperor and Papacy.

Pope Paul III's desire to call a council played no small part in his election. Paul made remote preparations by a little housecleaning. No political-minded men were henceforth admitted to the college of cardinals. Bishops and archbishops were commanded to re-

turn to their dioceses. Granting of indulgences was restricted.

If Paul thought his predecessor had exaggerated obstacles, he was quickly disillusioned. For the Protestant princes did their utmost to frustrate the council. This was more or less expected. But the real opposition came unexpectedly, from the Emperor himself.

In June, 1537, it at last began to look as though the council was about to be realized. Paul had issued a bull of convocation for the city of Mantua for the following May. Meanwhile, the Duke of Mantua began to make demands upon the Pope which compromised freedom of the assembly. It was decided to move elsewhere. The synod was to be held in Vicenza in the Republic of Venice in May, 1538. On the opening day, not a bishop appeared. It would be wrong to attribute this to any spirit of contempt. Conditions were such that they could not travel in safety. In desperation, the opening was indefinitely postponed.

In the interim a reconciliation with the Protestants was attempted. Three years were consumed in fruitless negotiations.

At the Diet of Spires, in 1542, the projected council was again brought to the fore. The Legate Morone proposed the council be held at Trent. Situated in the Tyrol, on the confines of Germany, it was reasonably assumed the city would be acceptable.

All Catholic members of the Diet agreed. Protestants rejected the proposal. They announced they would repudiate any assembly convoked by

the Roman Pontiff held anywhere but in Germany. It was quite apparent now that the Protestants in their clamors for a council wished one fashioned after their own heterodox ideas, whereas the very purpose of the council was to determine the orthodoxy of these ideas.

In May, 1542, Pope Paul removed the suspension of the council and decreed its convocation on the feast of All Saints. The council was to convene at Trent. Protestants made violent attacks on it. Even Francis forbade publication of the Bull anywhere in his kingdom.

At this juncture, Charles V became enraged at the Pope, who seemed a neutral in the war threatening between him and the French King. (The Emperor thought that since Francis had betrayed the Christian cause by alliance with the Turks, the Pope should support the Empire.) So he wrote a scathing letter to Paul. But the Pontiff continued preparation for the council. But outbreak of war between the Emperor and Francis forced postponement again.

Prorogation was no more than decided upon when Charles and Francis were reconciled. Peace was restored. Francis even showed readiness to cooperate in the general assembly. The jubilant Pope ordered public thanksgivings. The council was summoned for March 15, 1545.

But when that day arrived, so few prelates appeared there was no alternative but another postponement. Undaunted by years of fruitless efforts,

Paul set another date, Dec. 13, 1545.

Undoubtedly no day in the life of Paul III was happier than that on which he received word that three legates, four archbishops, five generals of Religious Orders, and the ambassadors

of King Ferdinand had arrived in Trent, that the first formal session of the sacred and General Council of Trent had been held on Dec. 13, 1545, and that the second session was decreed for Jan. 7, 1546.



Asides

St. Louis children are one to two years below the national average in educational progress.—“Expert’s” report. Reason: Because of the one hour a week (7 or 8 days out of 190 a year) released time for religious instruction.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

THE POOR KIDS.

Methodist Church leaders in conference in London decide unmarried women may become fully ordained ministers and may even be appointed to bishoprics.—*News item*.

WITH MITRES BY LILY DACHE.

We are political men, and at different times, on different questions, we put forward different statements.—Ukrainian Foreign Secretary M. Manuilsky.

WHAT KIND OF STATEMENT WOULD YOU LIKE?

To Miss Josephine Piccolo, a Brooklyn textile inspector, Senator Bilbo of

Mississippi wrote: “My dear Dago (If I am mistaken in this please correct me): Will you please keep your dirty proboscis out of the other 47 states, especially the dear old state of Mississippi?”—*News item*.

SOUTHERN CHIVALRY?

The revelation that nazi POWs will soon be shipped back to Germany doesn’t rate any hallelujahs in this corner. We fed and watered the nazi skunks here, and now the fat beasts will return to their jungles.—*Walter Winchell*.

“GOD MADE HIM; THEREFORE, LET HIM PASS FOR A MAN.”

Today it is recognized by all that the soviet union played the main, decisive part in the achievement of this historic victory over Germany. For three years single-handedly she fought the armed forces of Germany and her satellites.—*Foreign Minister Molotov*.

AND THE TANKS AND JEEPS CAME DOWN FROM HEAVEN.

Tramp Artist

Giotta in a chicken coop

By SISTER M. LILLIANA OWENS, S.L.

Condensed from the Santa Fe Register*

In the main classroom of our humble St. Francis Opportunity school in Santa Fe, N. Mex., are curious frescoes depicting the life of St. Francis of Assisi, painted by the muralist, Howard Coluzzi, in the medieval style of Giotto.

The reconstruction on some 46-year-old adobe buildings, then in ruins, for use as quarters for the school, had begun on June 1, 1939. James Lujon, a student assisting in the work, went to Sister Mary Harold one day and suggested that the Sisters ask Coluzzi, who was living in Santa Fe, to paint pictures on the walls. Sister replied, "We would have to sell Our Lady of Light academy in order to hire Coluzzi."

James assured the Sister that Coluzzi would be glad to do the murals without pay. The busy Sister went her way. The next morning she spied James on the roof. When she questioned him, he told her he was watching for Coluzzi, who was coming and had told him to be on the roof to direct him into the grounds. Sister turned to her task of removing some debris, remarking doubtfully, "Oh, yes!"

Soon the boy spied the painter, and hurriedly told Sister she must not notice Coluzzi's unkempt condition, as the distinguished artist resented anyone who remarked about his "tramp

appearance," and would disappear if any comment were made. He added in his own way, "Coluzzi considers his intellect of greater value than his external appearance."

Howard Coluzzi arrived, but without any formal introduction from the boy who was soliciting his services. Sister Mary Harold was busy about her tasks when she felt a premonition that someone was standing behind her. Turning, she saw "her tramp." He removed his battered, low-crowned hat from his head and, bending low, swept the ground with it in true Sir Walter Raleigh fashion. She noted his mop of dark hair and his huge mustache. Then came the statement: "Jim tells me you have wonderful walls, and if they suit me I would like to express on them a story I have wanted to paint all my life." He entered the adobe building, still under reconstruction, walked slowly around each room, then said, "Yes, I think I can do something with them." He sat down heavily on a pile of debris and shavings, removed his drawing pad from his knapsack, and began to sketch.

Turning to Sister Mary Harold, he asked good-humoredly, "Would you like to have me do some parables from the Bible?" Sister thought a moment, then replied, "Since we are a unit of the St. Francis parochial school, it has

*Santa Fe, N. Mex. May 27, 1945.

occurred to me that scenes from the life of the great St. Francis of Assisi, the Little Poor Man of Christ, would be very appropriate." A smile flickered over Coluzzi's dirty face. Later he revealed to Sister Mary Harold and Sister Miriam George that he had made a most intensive study of the life of the *Poverello*.

He was satisfied for the day. He packed his pad and pencils, and, sitting back on the shavings, recounted to the two Sisters the story of the great St. Francis and the work of the Franciscan Order. For more than two hours he went on, concluding by telling us the "dream" he had for the walls of what was then a drab old chicken house. He requested that we plaster a couple of walls and let him begin work at once.

Coluzzi did the work at his own expense. The murals are in fresco (done while the plaster was wet and the paints hot). Coluzzi had a wag-gish sense of humor, and as the two Sisters went about with mop and dust-cloth trying to keep the place clean in spite of the reconstruction work, he would turn to them and say: "A man might accomplish something if he were left alone and not followed around every place he went by a Sister with a mop." Coluzzi always worked on his knees and in his bare feet.

Howard Coluzzi Krebs (his real name was Krebs, which he had dropped) worked three and a half years on the widely discussed murals. One day he appeared looking quite presentable in a new suit of clothes, but his face

was distressed. He explained to the Sisters that he loved only one thing in the world, his cat, and she was ill. Could anything be done for her? The Sisters offered suggestions and he left. It was the last time they were to see their benefactor alive.

A week later he was found in his old shack in critical condition. While trying to help his pet cat, she bit him in the leg. He had wrapped the wound with soiled bandages and infection set in. He was removed to St. Vincent's sanatorium in Santa Fe; it was hoped that by amputating his leg his life might be saved.

On the operating table he remarked pathetically to a Sister that he had but two good friends in the world, Bishop Sidney M. Metzger and Father Dan Krahe. The Sister left the operating room at once, as she felt there might be some import to this message of the sick man. She tried to phone Father Krahe but was unsuccessful. She hurried back in the direction of the operating room, breathing a prayer for help.

As if providentially, Father Krahe entered the hospital and came toward her as she hurried down the hall. She told him of Mr. Coluzzi's condition and mentioned his remark. Father Krahe bounded up the stairs, entered the operating room, and gave the last sacraments to Coluzzi, who, it was then revealed, had been a most faithful Catholic. Father promised to remain with him until the end, and did.

The lonely, gifted artist died on the feast of the Seven Dolors, March 27,

1942, and was buried from the cathedral in Santa Fe. The Sisters of Loretto and the poor children from the Opportunity school, whom he had learned to love, were his chief mourners. We were soon to learn that he had at one time been a professor of mathematics at Harvard university, but that his eccentricities led this solitary genius "to take to the road" as a tramp, although he was heir to large estates in the East. No one knows just what became of his money. Perhaps, in his love of St. Francis, he had given it away, just as he gave us his services without compensation.

Howard Coluzzi Krebs has left an account of the entire work he planned for the walls of St. Francis Opportunity school, which remain in the unfinished condition he left them. He wrote this account between 1939-1941. Only an excerpt from the lengthy manuscript can be given. The original is in the school archives. The title of the manuscript is *Porcingula—Portingula* (named by him), and here is one of the more pertinent passages from it:

"These little frescoes presuppose an audience who believe that a *Power Above* reveals itself in elect souls in more recent days (not merely in the hoary past). Not merely in Daniel and David, but also in Santa Rosa and St. Francis. When the present artist used to gather artistic material in his boyhood student days in lower Manhattan, where his father had a polyglot medical practice, he was intrigued by the early Renaissance frescoes of Giotto at Assisi (to be sure, in reproductions of poor imitations in New York museums and libraries). But it was not until he came west fortified by a certain prestige as an artist and art teacher in New York, and saw the Franciscans in their correct habit, and saw the St. Francis procession pass the old adobe walls along the Alameda—now the St. Francis Opportunity school—that he had a visual conception of how he could continue the frescoes done by Giotto centuries before in the Basilica of San Francisco during the transition period of ecclesiastical decorations passing from mosaic to fresco."



National Cooperatives, Inc., set a new high for honesty in advertising when it came out with the new Co-op cigarettes. On the carton, instead of the usual blurbs, will be found this sober statement:

"Except for the lack of ballyhoo, they (Co-op cigarettes) will be found to differ very little from brands of more widely heralded renown. Affording the same degree of enjoyment to those who relish smoking a good cigarette, they contain, as well, about the same amount of nicotine and other ingredients generally believed to be injurious to health. If you enjoy a cigarette, you'll enjoy Co-op."

Midland Cooperator (20 June '45).

Handclasp Across the Equator

Condensed from the *Catholic Journalist**

"The greatest bond between North and South America is the Catholic religion. It provides the greatest potential factor for the future unity and solidarity of the peoples of the western hemisphere. It is the key to the creation of greater mutual understanding between Saxon America and Latin America. The CATHOLIC DIGEST and its Spanish-language version, *El Digesto Católico*, are playing and will continue to play a part in drawing the peoples of the two continents closer together."

So stated Father Edward F. Jennings, business manager of the CATHOLIC DIGEST, and founder of *El Digesto Católico*, upon returning to St. Paul for a visit after spending 20 months studying political, social, cultural and business conditions in Latin America.

He sees *El Digesto Católico*, which he founded in Buenos Aires last September, as supplementing the work of the Catholic clergy in Latin-American countries, both native and missionary, in dispelling false notions of Saxon-American life created by many of our movies, our business men, and our political emissaries, as well as acquainting more persons both north and south of the Rio Grande with the riches of Latin-American culture and the significance of modern ideologies.

El Digesto Católico attempts, in each issue, to divide its articles equally as

to source, half being condensations of current literary material drawn from books and magazines published in South and Central America and in Spain; the other half being translations of articles appearing in the CATHOLIC DIGEST. And *El Digesto Católico's* circulation is not only throughout Latin America; it is in our own Pacific southwest States; and in the Spanish-language classes of Catholic educational institutions in all parts of the U. S.

In this way, *El Digesto Católico* keeps a wide variety of readers on both continents thinking in hemispheric rather than in nationalistic terms. Within the covers of each issue the readers see modern life from both the Saxon-American Catholic and Latin-American Catholic viewpoints, in about equal proportion. It is the Catholic vision of human affairs in either case which makes mutual understanding easier, and that is the unifying agent.

This vision, universal and ever assisted by the Holy Spirit, discerns that essential spiritual equality that is not discernible on any superficial plane of observation. This makes for a generosity by which Saxon-American and Latin-American Catholic can justly value each other's contribution, present and potential, to the common good.

El Digesto Católico has received the approbation of Pope Pius XII and of

*572 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, 4, Calif. July-August, 1945.

the hierarchy of several Latin-American nations. Its progress would be more rapid as a popular force were it not for complexities of distribution due to varying laws and facilities of 21 different nations and unsettled international conditions caused by global war.

"Some governments, at present, do not want money to leave their country," Father Jennings explained. "Some nations do not have sufficient agencies and newsstands; there are problems of transportation and duties whenever national boundaries are crossed; there are political problems, even language problems. In various nations there are local idioms, vernacular, colloquialisms, which give a special coloring to the Spanish language; the Brazilians speak Portuguese."

The appeal of *El Digesto Católico* is primarily to the men of Latin America, for it is the Latin-American men rather than the women who are often lax in church attendance, and much more susceptible to irreligious or anticlerical propaganda. Men provide the political and intellectual forces. But the problems of the Church in Latin-American countries are so different from those of the Church in the U. S. that one needs a book rather than a few paragraphs to describe them, Father Jennings says. Some problems stem from the different status of women.

"The double standard of morality is far more in the ascendant in Latin America than in Saxon America," Father Jennings explains. "The women are sheltered and pious in the average

family, and much goodness is expected of them; but society in general does not set a high standard for men, who nevertheless have the only voice, as a rule, in matters of politics and education, and thus more influence in realms affecting growth and stability of the Church. An exchange of viewpoints on such social equations in *El Digesto Católico* can be salutary for both Saxon America, where women often have far too much latitude, and for Latin America, where they often have too little."

Father Jennings believes that there should be a far more extensive exchange of priests, educators, and students between the Catholic institutions of Saxon America and Latin America, who could pool their cultural contributions for the fuller conquest of the hemisphere for Christ, and eventually, perhaps, supply the missionaries to Asiatic and African peoples that Europe long supplied—and that devastated Europe may fall short of supplying in the immediate years ahead.

"At present, however," he said, "the Catholic Church in the U. S. and Canada needs to assist the Catholic Church between the Rio Grande and the South Pole with techniques of organization and popular education, one of the first fruits of which should be a great increase of a native clergy. In the U. S. we have about 20 times as many priests in proportion to our Catholic population as Latin America has, and this means a better instructed laity.

"This does not mean that we have better bishops or better priests, nor that

we have a naturally better inclination towards vocations. The problem has historical and racial roots, and ramifications of climate, landscape, and other factors that cannot be gone into in a necessarily brief summary. There are greater distances to be traversed, more primitive peoples and conditions, on the whole, in South America. As where there has been an agrarian economy in Europe, there is no middle class to speak of. There are a few land, cattle and mining owners of great wealth, and there is widespread poverty. The multitudes are not well educated.

"Where we are strong, South America is weak; where we are weak, they are strong. The very nature of our financial-industrial economy makes for middlemen and a middle class of processors, brokers, salesmen, technological experts and skilled workers and mechanics. Its complexity makes efficient organization imperative. It provides a wider field for labor organization. It develops new problems involving human dignity and rights and duties for clarification, and for that very reason goads the clergy to much study, research and action.

"Our people, as a result, attend Mass and receive the sacraments more frequently. Our greater organization and awareness have also been stimulated by our minority status and the challenge of many types of Protestantism. Yet the higher standard of material

living most of us enjoy has been accompanied by irreligious trends that affect all of us in some degree.

"Latin-American Catholics, on the whole, have a simpler faith. Their traditions are almost wholly Catholic. For all their laxity in some respects, they have devout household practices, picturesque festivals, and particular devotions that put into their lives an unmistakable Catholic coloration and bent. The most wretchedly poor generally are good neighbors to one another, and some live sublimely in the midst of filth, squalor, and lack of scientific knowledge. Others have developed handicraft arts that rank with those of the gifted medieval craftsmen of Europe.

"As *El Digesto Católico* continues to interpret Latin America and Saxon America to each other, and the Catholics of each area appreciate the spiritual and cultural contributions of those in the other area, we hope to help build a bridge of inter-American understanding from the resources of a common religious faith. It has been the false notion that we as a nation have everything to teach Latin America and that Latin America has nothing to teach us that has dug a chasm of misunderstanding. *El Digesto Católico* has operated, necessarily, at a financial loss to the CATHOLIC DIGEST, and may continue to do so for a time. But we feel the goal is worth much sacrifice."

If you wish to subscribe to *El Digesto Católico*, all you need do is fill out the subscription-form card inserted elsewhere in this issue.

Detroit and the Nation

And the Christian leaven

By TED LEBERTHON

If you go to Detroit and talk with Father Raymond S. Clancy, Archdiocesan Director of Social Action, you are going to suspect that Detroit is a stage on which a national drama, full of grave suspense, is being enacted, a drama of complex plot and counterplot, with an amazing cast of characters at divers cross-purposes. You are going to believe Detroit mirrors the general national conflict in economic and industrial life, and also dramatizes it, with its great corporations—Ford, Chrysler, General Motors, etc.—and labor unions opposed, with returning servicemen and job-holding civilians set against each other, with whites against Negroes, men against women, the AFL and CIO fighting jurisdictional wars, left wings and right wings striving to control unions, and governmental bodies failing to suggest concrete peacetime reconversion programs. A happy ending of the drama might seem dubious for Detroit and for America. Yet Father Clancy sees the possibility of an ultimate happy ending.

Father Clancy is director of social action for the archdiocese of Detroit; executive secretary of the Archdiocesan Labor Institute, in charge of the extensive labor-school program in the parishes, where union men are trained in applying the social principles of the Gospels in their locals; archdiocesan

coordinator of the National Catholic Community Service, USO; spiritual director of the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists (ACTU) of Detroit; and a columnist on the ACTU's labor newspaper, the *Wage Earner*.

You have to go backstage with Father Clancy to meet the cast of group characters in order to understand the great American drama for which the Detroit area is the stage.

Backstage, reading the lines of the play to date, you will see that a bitter disillusionment over the democratic meaning long given the war is beginning to creep into the script; and that this meaning can be recaptured in the last act only if seen in the proper perspective, that by which the single possible pattern for peacetime reconversion becomes clear to men of good will.

Detroit is America's war production center number one. Without Detroit, the war could not have been successfully fought. But that act in the drama draws towards a close on a note of bewilderment and mistrust. Tens of thousands of workers are losing their jobs. Many are Negroes and poor whites who had never made a decent living wage before in field or factory. They poured into Detroit when they were sorely needed in the war plants, and Detroit lifted them out of chronic poverty. They don't want to leave De-

troit. Most have saved some money and are entitled to unemployment compensation for a time. But when the savings are gone and the compensation period is past, what then? The welfare rolls? The same old story?

Father Clancy estimates that there are between 250,000 and 300,000 Negroes in Detroit. The last to be employed, they will be the first to be laid off, the last to be re-employed. Returning servicemen, 90% of them white, possess greater accumulated seniority rights under the law and will have first call on their jobs, Father Clancy explains.

The servicemen, he says, often come home with a distorted picture, gleaned from newspapers sent them overseas, of the labor movement. Strikes, involving a few thousand workers, were news. That hundreds of thousands were at work every day was not news. The fact, brought out by the Truman Committee, that only a fraction of 1% of production time was lost by strikes, was never accentuated by the press. The press also emphasized the high wages of the small minority who worked ten to 12 hours a day, seven days a week, while not, as a rule, dwelling on increased living costs. The returning serviceman who believes what he reads in the papers, and justifiably feels he has been fighting to protect all stay-at-homes, is likely to believe the worst of labor unless he was a labor union member before he went into the armed forces. Of course, many do not believe everything they read.

Those, says Father Clancy, who

were a bit new in the labor movement before the war may humanly forget it was organized labor that first pressed for the law of accumulated seniority by which servicemen would have their old jobs back and first crack at new jobs.

Others were in high school or college and had never worked. They do not know that labor unions have been working hard for an arrangement whereby seniority equal to their length of service in the armed forces will be accorded them once they're hired. But considerable attention has been called by some newspapers to the fact that certain employers would go further than the unions and hire servicemen on the strength of their length of service in the armed forces. However, the same newspapers do not point out that a serviceman who had been in the armed forces three years could thus displace a union man who had been working in a war plant but two years, even though in many cases the latter might be a veteran of the first World War, have a far greater family responsibility and have a harder time, being much older, finding another job.

While employers thus cleverly bid for servicemen's approval, unions in Detroit are objecting that this makes the displaced worker fulfill a debt to the returned serviceman incurred by the entire nation he has fought to protect, including bankers, industrialists, business executives, merchants, tavern keepers, governmental clerks, and movie actors, to name a few. Don't they owe a debt too to the serviceman

who risked his life to protect them? Don't they owe a debt to the war-plant workers without whose efforts the servicemen could not have functioned? Would any wish to turn a present position or business over to a returned serviceman who had been in the armed forces longer than such a civilian had held his present position or operated his present business? Is it fair to demand that any one group discharge to the returning servicemen the debt which is society's as a whole?

The unions in Detroit are suspicious, Father Clancy says, of those employers attempting to outdo them in concern for the returned serviceman. They point out that the unions first fought for the seniority of war veterans, sometimes against employer opposition. They wonder whether love of servicemen or an attempt to embarrass and discredit unions motivates these employers.

Some employers in Detroit, says Father Clancy, are no doubt sincere in their mistaken belief that most workers don't really want unions, but were coerced into joining. This belief seems fantastic in the face of numerous NLRB elections in which the workers voted overwhelmingly for a union. In many cases, perhaps, the employers simply are guilty of wishful thinking.

Other employers have inquired of older workers, in confidence, whether they preferred unionization or otherwise, failing to realize that those questioned either were not typical of the majority, as subsequent secret elections proved, or, for obvious reasons, might

untruthfully say they did not, thus giving the answer they thought was expected of them.

Still other Detroit employers oppose unions because, after a sincere attempt to cooperate with some union local, they had an unfortunate experience with it, generally because the local, at that particular time, was headed by some irresponsible left-wing firebrand.

Yet such firebrands sometimes have gotten into power because a militant leadership was required in the face of the constant refusal of certain employers to accept unions as necessary and permanent. As Father Clancy sees it, the atmosphere has never been calm enough in Detroit for labor to develop enough labor statesmen. Nor, at the same time, has management developed enough statesmen. Rarely have the corporations' personnel and labor-representation representatives accomplished the great results of men in charge of their industrial and mechanical research departments. There has been and still is a crying need for greater mutual understanding between management and labor and for a recognition of the human dignity of every individual, regardless of his economic status.

Unfortunately, we approach the end of the war with employers and employees jittery and tired, and both sensitively proud of the record of war production. Employers find the problems of converting to peacetime production perplexing. Most corporations have made extraordinary profits, in spite of "hampering governmental restrictions and high taxes," and don't

like to jeopardize them. Workers are justifiably perturbed by the cessation of overtime and the consequent diminishing of pay, the soaring of living costs and the uncertainties of the future.

Truly, the whole picture is a complicated one. Not only are there the problems of the Negroes, returning servicemen, and the management-labor bitterness, engendered in many instances in the early days of a fight for union recognition, but also others, involving the justice and equity of seniority, and the important decision as to how long labor should maintain its no-strike pledge and continue to hold in abeyance its one economic weapon while, as unionists aver, managements are taking unfair advantage of the pledge. Organized labor itself, Father Clancy admits, is not altogether guiltless. Too often, through weaknesses that result from adherence to the democratic procedure, union officers have been unable to prevent violations of the pledge by irresponsible rank-and-file minorities. Then, too, there are the perennial inter- and intra-jurisdictional disputes among AFL and CIO members; the problem of the employment of women; the conflicts between left and right wings in unions, as well as those based upon personalities in union leadership rather than ideologies; the increasing efforts of communists to maneuver every situation to serve their ends; and the unwillingness of the National Association of Manufacturers to approve of the AFL-CIO-U. S. Chamber of Commerce management-

labor charter, with its consequent split among industrialists on the question of management-labor cooperation.

However, Father Clancy can see no point in entering into a detailed discussion of the manifold ramifications or the personalities involved, situations and personalities being subject to constant change, the discussion of basic principles alone being essential. Of greater importance, he feels, is the need for a solution which will be satisfactory and equitable for all concerned. He insists that only a nationwide program of full peacetime production will insure fair profits and a stabilized life for all.

Everyone able and willing to work must be employed at a high wage if the people of this nation are to have the buying power to maintain a capacity industrial output, meet necessary taxes and allow a reasonable profit on invested capital. This reasonable profit can be insured to investors only through full production at a small profit per unit of production. This, Father Clancy believes, can be best brought about by nation-wide adoption of Philip Murray's industry council program, with workers and owners in each industry having an equal voice in policies for the common good—e.g., wages, hours, working conditions, etc., in cooperation with a representative of government. From such councils should be formed a national economic council to plan and organize the entire national economy.

This is the vestibule to the vocational group system envisioned by Popes Pius

XI and Pius XII, with its wide ramifications calling for the widest possible distribution of ownership and opportunity. It is the antithesis of communism. In Detroit, it has been for some years the ultimate objective of the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists (ACTU) which has at the same time met the need—long felt everywhere—for a permanent, organized counterminority to oppose communists. In Detroit, ACTU has given an atmosphere of wholesomeness to the labor movement. It has acted in a conciliatory capacity. Its members, some widely known for their adherence to Christian social principles, have gotten a hearing in management-labor conflicts that would have been denied any Marxist. As soundly militant members of their own unions, well known for their willingness to fight to the limit for the cause of social justice, they have been listened to when they advised against reckless steps, thus helping labor to help itself.

They are as well trained in every aspect of labor activity as any communist. Those who do advanced work are graduates of the archdiocesan labor schools and special ACTU basic-training courses. Like the communists, they train for union leadership, but, unlike the left-wing group, they seek to promote the good of all, rather than special minority interests.

They are a most effective Christian leaven in the Detroit labor movement, particularly because their program finds a ready acceptance among other sound trade unionists, regardless of

the latter's religious affiliation. Their ACTU paper, the *Wage Earner*, is the best and newsiest labor paper in the city. Its mailing list sounds like a Who's Who in labor and each issue is carefully scanned by local union officers, who await eagerly the ACTU's stand on current problems.

The *Wage Earner* does not stop, as do other labor publications, with printing news favorable to its own position; it is never factional; it publishes uncolored news significant to labor, whether such news originates in CIO, AFL or independent unions. Father Clancy writes a regular column, "The Chaplain's Corner," for the *Wage Earner*.

Archbishop Edward F. Mooney has left no doubt in anyone's mind as to how he stands towards ACTU. On the cover page of an ACTU membership appeal leaflet, *The Call to Christ*, the Archbishop is quoted as follows:

"Those who are familiar with even the fundamentals of the Catholic labor movement will recognize that I am pleading for a lively interest on the part of priests and Catholic workers in definite and effective work in favor of a Christian and American program like the program of the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists."

In defining its nature and objectives in this same leaflet, Detroit's ACTU declares it is not a labor union, nor a Catholic "caucus," nor a political party; that it neither attempts to control unions nor to put Catholics into union office; but that it is a group of salesmen for the Christian principles set forth in

the social encyclicals of Popes Leo XIII, Pius XI and Pius XII, standing for the complete organization into unions of their own choosing of all workers, the equal rights of all union members regardless of race, creed or color, and the achieving of economic democracy.

Paul Weber, a newspaperman, has been the dynamic leader of ACTU from its humble beginnings, and is the editor of the *Wage Earner*.

ACTU, while strictly a lay apostolate, is yet part of a concerted archdiocesan program under Father Clancy's direction, which calls, in the language of the late Pius XI, for "the restoration of all things in Christ." While Father Clancy holds that a "full employment" program for our postwar reconversion would solve the various economic problems of the nation, he does not believe that such a program could be achieved or sustained for any considerable time unless launched by men who recognize that all men are children of God and brothers in Christ, with obligations flowing from that realization. Full employment would eliminate such problems as seniority and the competition of races, but it can be realized only through the application of principles enunciated by recent Vicars of Christ. Father Clancy's comparative optimism for Detroit and for America exists because, no matter how dark things seem, only the Church has a program appealing to the American love of freedom, appealing to men of all classes and vocations who want to do whatever they do voluntarily and not through the mandate of the State.

As Father Clancy sees it, no one else has an organic and acceptable program. The communists have alienated more unionists than they ever have before by their curious devotion to the no-strike pledge and their shift, when the since-repudiated Browder was Moscow's voice, to the side of big business and "free enterprise." Big business itself has no plan save the planlessness of what they miscall free enterprise. Yet big business nevertheless fears the trend toward social chaos (as in the last depression) which makes intervention by government necessary and brings about governmental controls that lead towards communism. And so, Father Clancy believes, business and industry would rather cooperate with labor, as the lesser of two "evils," than risk governmental control or even confiscation in time of emergency.

In Detroit, Archbishop Mooney, Father Clancy and ACTU have won much sincere respect in business circles also by their insistence on upholding sound principles and extending fairness to both sides in all labor disputes. Father Clancy is in constant demand as an arbitrator, with many industrialists and union leaders accepting him readily. Both sides are frequently found to be acquainted with the Catholic philosophy of labor relations, thanks to a great extent to the archdiocesan program. And to paraphrase Peter's question to Christ: To whom else can they go, in Detroit or anywhere in America, but to the Church, the mystical Body of Christ, the Way, the Truth and the Life?

Don't Call Me a Communist

The dream is dead

By MARTIN CROWE

Condensed from the *Progressive**

I used to enjoy being called a communist. I don't any more.

I remember way back around 1920 when my dad ran for representative in Minnesota. He was a Farmer-Laborite. And that apparently was bad.

Because I remember that they called him a "bolshevik" and I remember the eggs they hurled at him one afternoon in a farmer's yard.

My dad was a simple man. He was a bookbinder by trade and a crusader by inclination. I'm sure he didn't know who Lenin was. I'm sure *bolshevik* confused him. But he used to get in his old model T and go out and try to talk to the farmers.

My dad was never scared out. He may have been afraid, of course; I guess, now, he probably was. But he believed in something, a vague idea like justice, and they never could make him change.

I was very proud of my dad then. I didn't understand how it was, but I just kind of caught the feeling my dad had. I didn't mind being called a "little bolshevik." It was fun.

I'm still proud of my dad.

In 1924 I was 10 years old and old Bob La Follette ran for President. Fighting Bob La Follette. I used to go from door to door in the town where I lived and pass out buttons and literature.

"Vote for Bob La Follette," I'd say when they opened the door.

Usually they slammed it shut, and some snarled, "Communist," and some said, "Red." I remember though, that others were very kind. One old lady gave me cookies, and a younger one gave me an apple.

It was my dad who got me to take the stump for Bob La Follette, of course. But I got to like him a lot. He became my hero along with Jumpin' Joe Dugan, who played third base for the Yankees, and Jack Dempsey.

I remember that I disliked Cal Coolidge very much. And I didn't mind when they called me a "Red." It was a badge of honor, in a way. They were too stupid to know it. But it was.

My political activities were set aside, more or less, in favor of baseball, until my senior year in high school.

Then 1932. Floyd Olson was running for governor in Minnesota, and every paper in the state, it seemed, was out to "get" him.

I considered Floyd Olson the greatest man in America, and the best friend the common people had ever had. I argued with other boys in school, and with their parents. I argued with my teachers.

Almost everyone who disagreed with me called me a communist. I didn't mind. I wasn't a communist,

*313 N. Carroll St., Madison, 3, Wis. July 16, 1945.

but if supporting a great man like Floyd Olson meant that you seemed like a communist, I began to feel that communists couldn't be so bad. Anyhow, I didn't mind being called one.

In 1936 Floyd Olson died. I remember that I prayed he wouldn't die when I heard he was critically ill. I remember that I cried when he was dead. I remember going to his funeral in the Minneapolis auditorium and looking at all the humble, little people who were there. I remember that Phil La Follette, the Wisconsin governor, gave the eulogy as a close friend of Floyd Olson, and as a believer in the same bright dream for the common man.

I remember Phil La Follette spoke very briefly. I remember he quoted from Markham's *Lincoln, Man of the People*: "... as when a lordly cedar, green with boughs, goes down with a great shout upon the hills. And leaves a lonesome place against the sky."

I heard the quiet sobbing all around me. But my heart was leaping with a song. Because I knew then that all I ever wanted to do was to be like Floyd Olson, and believe in the things he believed in, and fight for them, and for the little people.

I spoke at rallies for Elmer Benson, who ran for governor as Olson's successor. I spoke for Ernest Lundeen, who was Olson's friend, when he ran for U.S. senator. My friends assured me I was a pawn in the hands of communists. My Catholic friends, particularly, despaired of me. I didn't mind.

I joined a theater group which included many Jews. They were communists, I was told. I didn't know, for sure, if they were or not. I didn't care. They put on plays like *Waiting for Lefty* by Clifford Odets. Their dramatic aims were high. Their social aims were higher still; I liked them.

I began to teach night school for the WPA education program. I was elected president of the teachers' union of our group in St. Paul. The union was called communistic. So was I. Our Minneapolis men went on strike and the papers condemned them. I was proud of them for their courage.

I'm a Catholic and I believe in Catholicism. I never found a way to coordinate my Catholicism with formal communism. I never became a communist.

But I didn't mind being called one. I enjoyed it. The persons I knew who were communists were good people, sincere and idealistic, at least most of them. The political leaders I'd most admired had always been labeled as communists. The New Deal, in which I put my new hopes of fair play for humanity, was called communistic. I didn't mind being grouped with such people and such ideas. I liked it.

Then the war got going. Germany was fighting with Russia as an ally. The communists wanted us to stay out of it. It got so everyone who wanted us to stay out was suspected of being a communist—or accused of it by those who wanted us to get in. Again I didn't mind the charge. I liked it. I went to Chicago in 1940 as a delegate to a

peace-mobilization rally. We were called communists, and many there were communists. The rally was a failure, but I enjoyed it, and the bright ideas it held before me.

Then Germany attacked Russia. The communists began to demand we go into the war. I was confused. I hated war. I didn't believe a war could be a good thing. Not really good.

But I changed, I saw many men who had supported Floyd Olson and Bob La Follette and all the rest, prescribing the war as a crusade. I heard the man in whom I believed so much, Franklin D. Roosevelt, preach the war as a crusade. And so I began to see it as a crusade, and I changed over. Not completely, maybe, but most of the way at least.

Then I saw a strange thing happen. I saw men like Bob and Phil La Follette and Burt Wheeler, who'd carried the torch for the common man from the beginning, from way back when it was dangerous to carry it—I saw them charged with being reactionaries and fascists just because they opposed our entrance into the war. I was confused again. But finally I was convinced that *they* had changed. That the light of liberalism had died out in their souls. That they'd sold out the people. My friends who were liberals, and had been called communists, convinced me.

Then Japan attacked and almost every American was united. The war was on.

Recently, I've had the old charge of communism leveled again. I've supported my new vision of the great

American, Henry Wallace, in speech and in print. I've supported the CIO. I haven't minded the communistic label. I've liked it.

But not any more. Please don't call me a communist now. It is a term in which I no longer find a thrill. It is a term of contempt now, for me.

The change began when I read some of the words of the "lost liberals" like La Follette and found them still good and still liberal. It began when I found those men still fighting for the laboring man, the common people. It began when I found those men, who were being called Tories and fascists, fighting for the rights of free speech and a fair shake for all the little, forsaken people of the earth. Anywhere. Any time. It began when I found that charity and decency and tolerance and liberalism and justice were still in the minds and hearts of those men I thought had abandoned the fight. It was I who had abandoned it.

My awakening began when I found those men again, and read their words and reviewed their acts. It reached its completion when I looked at Joe Stalin.

For Stalin is the one who sold out the liberals. Russia is the country which today practices imperialism as old as the British Navy. Stalin's men have been preaching revenge and cruelty and contempt for the conquered which are as old as Attila or Genghis Khan. Stalin is the one who runs true to form as a conqueror, true as Bonaparte or Bismarck or Alexander the Great.

Liberalism is young, new, alive, and

different. Stalinism is old and dead, and heavy with a gray sameness. Liberalism dares preach a new, shining hope in a doctrine of starting over in a world brotherhood with everyone, both friend and enemy, in it. Stalinism preaches a doctrine, as old as that which Cato led the Romans to apply to Carthage, of domination, division of spoils, might over right.

My dad used to laugh when they threatened him back in the model-T days. But it was because there was something to laugh at; the laughter was in the dream.

He would not laugh today. There is no laughter in Stalinism. There is none of the old underdog idea, of the one who is down but is grinning and getting ready to get back up again. Stalinism is on its feet. Very steady, too. But the laughter is gone. The dream is dead.

Don't call me a communist now—unless you mean the kind Christ was. He taught the brotherhood of men, mercy, the dignity of the human being

and the human soul. Stalin isn't that kind of communist. Maybe he isn't a communist at all.

I guess it isn't unpopular now to be called a communist. The boys on the radio praise Stalin every night. The Junior Chamber of Commerce likes it, I guess. The National Association of Manufacturers, too, perhaps. Thomas Lamont, they say, issues statements in behalf of J. P. Morgan & Co., on how nice Stalin is once you get to deal with him. And a J. P. Morgan partner ought to know. Yes, it's fashionable now to flirt with the communists.

In that case I would just as soon be unpopular. It was always fun that way. Don't call me a communist now. Call me a radical maybe. Or a nonconformist. Or whatever may strike you.

Or else just call me a young man slightly disappointed in love. Call me a man who vaguely wooed a girl with the wind in her hair, who now finds her with a permanent wave and an expensive new hat on her head. And nothing more.



Last summer I made an excursion to Paracutin, the new volcano in Mexico. Following an all-afternoon ride on horseback to the base of the mountain, my party and I returned to the little village where we had rented the animals. It was about 10 o'clock at night and as dark as pitch, save for the distant sparks of the volcano. The Indians were paid off for their "chargers" and departed to their homes, except one small boy, who wandered among the group and gazed upon us with soulful eyes.

Finally, I asked the lad, "*Que quieres tu?* (What do you want?)"

"You Yanqui?" he asked in return, in some newly acquired English.

"Yes," I replied. "What can I do for you?"

"Well," said my friend, broadening into a hopeful grin, "sing *Mairzy Doats*."

James A. Magner in *Between the Lines* (Summer '45).

Mystery House

By J. W. IRVING

Condensed from the *Grail**

Near San José, Calif., out on the Stevens Creek Road, is the Winchester Mystery House, gigantic, weird, pathetic monument to the vagaries of spiritism.

Thirty-eight years of work as well as \$5 million were put into this structure that never could have been completed. It stands today a mad jumble of domes, cupolas, towers and minarets. A spooks' barroom, a cocktail lounge, dance floor, and banquet hall were provided, in which only guests from the spirit world were wine and dined for 30 years.

The house contains 160 rooms, more than 2,000 doors, no fewer than 10,000 windows, and 150,000 panes of glass! There are 47 fireplaces, 24 bathrooms, five Tiffany windows costing \$1,000 each, a front door worth \$2,000; three elevators, 40 stairways; kitchens, transparent floors, screens inside of doors, doorknobs and fixtures of gold, silver, and bronze.

One of the outstanding features of Mystery House is the ballroom. Twenty by 40 feet, it is paneled in carved bird's-eye maple and decorated with silver and gold leaf. This one room cost \$9,000, and during Mrs. Winchester's lifetime, weekly dances were held without a single living guest. Arrayed in costly finery, Mrs. Winchester greeted her spectral visitors and led them

through ghostly waltzes and cotillions. At first she engaged an orchestra from San Francisco to play at the ghostly fetes, but it became difficult to get musicians to play for such dancers. So she installed a pipe organ and played it herself.

The tragic story begins in New Haven, Conn., where William Wert Winchester, of the famous Winchester Arms manufacturing interests, was building a home for his lovely wife, Sarah, and their baby girl. When the house was finished, both husband and daughter died. Mrs. Winchester, deeply stunned by the tragedy, fell into a coma so alarming that doctors feared for her life. But she finally recovered and, at a friend's suggestion, visited a medium. According to those familiar with her story, she received a message from her dead husband during a seance: "Sarah, dear, if our house had not been finished, I would still be with you. I urge you now to build a home, but never let it be finished, for then you will live."

There is also a popular belief that Sarah was tormented by the spirits of the victims of Winchester rifles, and that the spirits, in their demand for a labor of recompense, ordered her to build them a house. Therefore, since to live she must never cease building, the house could never be finished dur-

*St. Meinrad, Ind. July, 1945.

ing her lifetime. The task of providing accommodations for homeless spirits, as far as the lonely widow was concerned, was to be endless. Further, it was said, to assure themselves a home, the spirits threatened her with instant death should she ever drop the work. Possessed of a huge fortune and an income of \$1,000 a day, Mrs. Winchester was able to carry on the weird task.

Terrified at New England's thunder and lightning, which she regarded as supernatural, she was influenced to seek a more favorable location. So she came to the Santa Clara valley in California and selected the spot near San José. She bought the 17-room uncompleted house of Dr. Caldwell, a local physician, for a large price. She kept the same crew of 16 carpenters and artisans, carefully handpicked with regard to willingness to obey her crackpot orders. The architect quit in disgust. The head carpenter, refusing to tear down painstaking work, was fired. Mrs. Winchester took over the job as sole designer, and every weekday during the ensuing 38 years, carpenters built, tore down, reconstructed.

What is perhaps the most bizarre maze ever assembled began to emerge, so daffy and indefinite in form that today an unguided person would be lost within 50 feet of the entrance. No effort was made to follow any plan. Rooms were tacked on in every direction, and even constructed one inside the other. For no apparent reason, the many stairways extend only from the floor to the ceiling of the rooms. One of these spooky stairways has 45 steps,

makes nine turns back and forth, yet rises only nine feet. In this crazy pattern is the white-satin chamber, so-called because its walls, ceiling, and floor are covered with satin. After it was built, no workman, servant, nor anyone but Mrs. Winchester ever entered this room, where she held communion with the spirits. Quite unlike most of the other rooms, this one had but a single window, always closely curtained.

The recluse was well able to pay princely salaries and purchase the best of materials: gold and silver leaf; beautifully carved, rare woods; heavily embossed wallpaper costing \$10 to \$20 a roll. At Mrs. Winchester's death, sufficient materials were left to have continued building 40 or 50 years longer. This material fills three warehouses.

The spooks' barroom, which occupied a large part of the main floor, was stocked with the choicest of wines and liquors. A large mahogany bar, complete with buffet, bronze footrail, and gold-plated cuspidors, was provided for comfort of invisible guests. It is said that the liquor kept disappearing with astonishing rapidity, but that the hostess, convinced the spooks drank it, kept right on replenishing the stock without question, much to the joy of the workmen.

Some fifty workmen and servants were engaged, and the structure had progressed to considerable proportions by 1906, when the great earthquake that destroyed San Francisco shook the tower and two upper stories down. Mrs. Winchester insisted the damage

was done by the spirits, who desired her to abandon that part. The furnishings were left as the "spirits" had disposed them, and the servants commanded to padlock that portion of the house and stay out of it.

The bathrooms provided for the ghosts, with their fixtures, represent a fortune, having tiled and mosaic floors, sidewalls, and elaborate cut-glass windows.

There are thousands of closets, visible and concealed, uncounted chests and drawers. At least half of the fireplaces have no flues; and they are scattered about in the most spooky manner imaginable—off stairways, in bathrooms, any unlikely spot, without regard to the furnishing of heat. There are nooks, crannies, and minor compartments beyond estimating. There are many kitchens with every convenience of the finest quality; and sinks by the hundred, all with faucets and running water, together with fire-fighting facilities.

In the satin room, or seance chamber, there is a large closet in which were kept many wondrously colored silk and satin gowns.

Mrs. Winchester found difficulty retaining servants. Her startling appearances were often terrifying. She might pop out of an immense icebox in one of the kitchens, or appear in a servant's bedroom at midnight by way of the

clothes closet! Another grievance they had: though the bathrooms were fitted with the most elaborate fixtures, Mrs. Winchester would allow only plate-glass doors. But the spooky business and atmosphere did not bother the workmen so much. Two remained 38 years. And, according to report, there were times when three or four workmen carried on a huge racket with their hammers, while the rest were holding a session of poker or blackjack in some spook's elaborate quarters.

Vast quantities of food of the finest quality were brought for the ghosts of Mystery House.

Except for her eccentric life, Mrs. Winchester has been described as a woman of charm, cultured, educated, fluent in several languages, and a lover of art and literature. Her life amid her spirit world must have been lonely and pathetic, though one of a sort of deluded regal splendor. Visitors were not allowed in her home to exchange formal calls, and those attempting it were curtly turned away. While on the Pacific coast, President Theodore Roosevelt sought to see Mrs. Winchester, and it is a matter of record that he, like all the others, was refused admittance.

The labor on Mystery House ended in 1922 when Mrs. Winchester died at the age of 85. The weird task so filled with hopeless pathos had ended.

Usually a worker is fired with enthusiasm or gets fired, with enthusiasm.

Strickland Gillilan quoted in the *Ave Maria* (31 March '45).

I Was Tried as a Spy

Torture is a science

By FATHER PHILIP MORITZ, of the Society of the Divine Word

Condensed from the *Christian Family and Our Missions**

It was Friday, July 14, 1939, just a little before nine in the evening, when I was arrested.

"We have orders from the Provincial government to search the residence."

It was almost noon next day when the search ended. The police did a thorough job. Every book, magazine, or inscribed piece of paper was taken to headquarters for examination. The search over, they advised me I would have to leave my mission station of Suiting in Sinkiang province [China's "Wild West," on the Russian border, north of Tibet] and accompany them to the capital at Kuldja, 30 miles away.

I was thrown into a 6x8 cell. The furniture consisted of an iron bed with some boards on it. They called my attention to their great consideration in having the bed placed there especially for me. A small window facing the courtyard admitted a little light, but offered no view to the exterior. A chair was later added; it served as table at mealtime.

Food was the same as that of the other prisoners: breakfast, tea and dry bread; at noon, nasty-tasting Russian vegetable soup and bread. Later on it was a little better.

During the day the guards allowed me 20 minutes freedom in the courtyard. Things were gradually improv-

ing, I thought; and when they actually allowed me to use the Russian bath in the officers' quarters, I became convinced of it.

The monotony of prison life tries one's spirit and puts the nerves on edge. One day I heard a distant voice and recognized it as that of Father Oirschot. I realized then I was not the only priest of the Society of the Divine Word in prison.

The night of Aug. 23, after six weeks, I was roused from deep sleep by the noisy clanking of my prison door. An officer stepped in and asked me in a friendly tone to accompany him. I went with him to the court of the assistant chief of police, a Russian, Uglin. Producing a Chinese letter written on red paper, Uglin inquired, "Do you know anything about this?"

"I do not. Please have it read to me."

The interpreter read the letter. It had been addressed to the Catholic mission and dealt with the sale of hides and wool.

"I am not acquainted with the letter."

Suddenly I recalled the existence of a letter written on red paper that lay in one of my books as a bookmark. It happened to be there when the book was brought to Suiting some time before. I explained further that I had never taken the trouble to read the let-

*365 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill. Sept.-Oct.-Nov., 1944.

ter, but I knew that Father Hufnagel, who died several years previously, had carried on correspondence with a concern on the coast at Tientsin as far back as 1923. This German company, handling such merchandise as hides and wool, was interested in market possibilities.

"That's what you say," Uglin commented sarcastically, "but we know nothing about that. This letter was found in the drawer of your writing desk. It shows plainly that you are a spy."

"If I were a spy, and the letter a potential proof of espionage, do you think I would be so foolish as to let it remain in the writing desk?"

"You had no other way out," he laughed.

I laughed just as loud, but he didn't like it.

To cover up, he arose and began a pathetic discourse. Most of it I failed to understand, though I did grasp the gist of it: the letter pointed out clearly that I was a spy.

Once more he dug down into his files and produced a document that seemed to inflate his confidence.

"Here is another charge against you," he leered. "I should like to hear you answer it: A certain Father Kolomb, stationed at Suiting, held meetings of spies. Later when you took over his place you assumed leadership of this espionage unit. Tell us the whole truth about your activities."

"These are the facts: Father Kolomb told me on my arrival at Suiting that he had organized a cooperative for the

poor. Conditions, however, were anything but favorable. The group disintegrated, and that was the end of it."

Uglin's files continued to produce fantastic accusations, but now of a more intimate stamp.

"There can be no further doubt of your being a spy," Uglin began. "We have here the evidence of no other than Mr. Wang-che-yi, the personal servant of Father Kolomb, and also the testimonies of Messrs. Kolozof and Belorussoff (two White Russians) and others. These people have stated under oath that they were in your employ and that you are a spy."

Two acquaintances testified against me personally. Being at bay, I could not answer back that these unfortunate accusers were forced under threat of torture and even death to tell deliberate untruths. This became crystal clear to me later on when I, too, had to go through grilling torture, in the execution of which the Russian communists are past masters.

By the time I was led from the courtroom a new day was dawning. This time I was taken not to my cell, but to a room in the courthouse. The jailers told me to sit on a chair in the corner. After allowing me a short rest they began taunting me, over and over: "You might as well confess. There is no sense in trying to hold out."

Hours passed. Still I sat, gritting my teeth and trying to hold out. No bit of food was allowed to reach me. I was weak and weary. Night came on and passed, and still no food, no rest. I was

permitted to sit, walk, or stand but not to sleep or recline. The jailers changed shifts and the new force took up with fresh vigor.

In the morning the chief of police, a Chinese, arrived. I complained that I had not been allowed to sleep or eat for 40 hours.

"Oh," he remarked, "three or four days without sleep means nothing, but food you shall have."

From then on the meals came regularly. I realized what I was up against. I was going through the Russian "no-sleep torture." Day and night the jailers carried on their verbal assaults: "Holding out will do no good. So far everyone has confessed, and you cannot sleep until you have done so."

All of the guards were charged with the duty of harassing their prisoner. Almost without letup they hurled their questions at me. Every response was taken down.

After several days and nights, the torture began to produce its inevitable effects. I started to fancy things, living in a dream. Dazed, I would walk into tables and chairs or out of the room. When aroused by the call of my name or by bumping into an obstruction, presence of mind would snap back once more.

As time went on, the mental confusion grew steadily worse. After several days, the thought came that I should yield. But, when the chief of police came in to force a confession, my resistance unconsciously stiffened.

"Who among your Christians was weakest in the faith?"

"How can you expect me to testify against my people in such matters?" I answered.

"Tell me," he continued, "to whom have you spoken about the political affairs of this province?"

In the mental fog that beset me, I thought I could give names without harm to anyone. Fagged and perplexed, I blurted out names. How little I realized then that I would be responsible for arrests and imprisonments!

Uglin, the chief's assistant, next appeared on the scene, producing a note written in Russian. Though not understanding it but believing it a transcript of the preceding conversation, I consented to add my signature. Such is the fiendishness of the no-sleep torture.

After I had signed, Uglin evidently thought he had reached the point where he could make me talk as he would. This time he came forward with a large sheet of paper and asked me to name all the spies I employed in the places listed.

The mental shadows suddenly lifted. I gave way to indignation. Looking him squarely in the eyes, I sputtered: "What do you mean? I never had any spies. Let this end now, once and for all!" Uglin fumed. The police chief came up to join the verbal battle. They ended up by stating that in their kindness they would still allow me some time to think it over.

I was ushered roughly out of the court to the torture room again. Suddenly the tears broke forth and I cried like a baby. Regaining self-control, I felt blushing ashamed of myself. I

apologized to the audience standing around. Strangely, their iciness seemed to melt. With a shadow of sympathy, they offered me some water and a towel. But my sleepless trial still continued.

Days gave way to nights, and nights to days, and yet my sleepless torture went on. Delirium became more frequent and lasted longer. At last I came to the stage where I hardly recognized my own room.

About the 10th day of my no-sleep torture a new guard was added. Hu Chih Tung, though perhaps good at heart, could be mean and nasty. He would force me to sit, stand, and pace up and down in rapid succession, repeating the same process hour after hour till I simply couldn't move my limbs any longer. My nerves, my mental powers, and my physical energy were about exhausted; I stumbled at every step.

Drunkenly, I wrote another "confession." Sleep at last! Then remorse, and after 48 hours of rest, I wrote another retraction.

Wang grew red with anger and declared I was trying to make them appear like fools. He rushed the statement to Uglyin and the second act began in earnest.

To begin with I was forced to walk or to stand continually with only brief periods of sitting. For 24 long hours of each day the sleepless treatment continued. For the first four days I received neither food nor drink. Beginning on the fifth day a little bread and some tea was allowed daily. Only

on rare days was a little extra bread and a little soup added.

Gradually even the brief spells of sitting were diminished, then canceled. On foot all day long. Day after day. My feet and legs reddened and swelled. The pain was almost unbearable. This method brought on results much faster than the first. Then I usually became delirious only at night, except toward the end of the 11-day period, when I scarcely ever snapped out of it. But now, in the second act, delirium came on much earlier in the day. I began talking all kinds of nonsense with the guards. Weird images rushed through my brain.

From this point my real torture began. Uglyin took great delight in beating me on the head and over the ears with a stick. Regularly I took his pommeling like a punching bag. My ears would swell and my head felt like an aching ball, covered with bumps.

Having made the mistake of signing one false confession, I was determined in sane moments never again to write a single false word, even if it cost me my life. But resolutions meant little now, with body, nerves, and mind shattered. Once more the fixed idea took hold of me that I must make some sort of statement.

I confided to my guard Hu Chih that I had never been a spy and could therefore make no true confession of espionage. Would it be all right, I asked, if I wrote merely from imagination?

Hu Chih readily consented. In rage, Uglyin tore the "confession" to shreds

and began scolding and beating me. Hu Chih and Wang, the interpreter, in a quick about-face, assumed the same attitude. They rushed me back to the torture chamber, beat and kicked me till they grew tired.

Malice and scorn marked their conduct thereafter. Hu Chih, in particular, tortured me at every turn. When he chanced to be eating melons with his comrades he would thrust the rinds into my face or wash my face with the squashy inner rind.

On one occasion he took half a melon, unfit to eat, crowned my head with a smash, and roared with laughter as the slimy pulp ran down my face and clothing. Other times he would take his hot tea and sprinkle it all over me till the pot emptied. But one of his most heartless devices was aimed at my beard. He would pull it, twist it, or tie strings to it and jerk out clusters of hair.

Next, they compelled me to hold my hands high up in the air until my arms fell absolutely limp. They forced me to stretch my arms straight out from the shoulders until the blood seemed to leave my face. I would sink to the floor in a blackout.

The authorities were plainly perplexed with my refusal to give in. Tricks and threats were met with: "I have nothing to confess."

My endurance seemed to be stretched to the limit. The officials stepped in once more to look me over. Apparently they had reached the decision that it would be better to have no confession than to end up with a useless corpse.

The second phase of my passion, if I may call it that, was over. I wondered when the next act would take place. I did not have to wait long, as on the morning of the fifth day Wang appeared at the door and ordered me to leave the prison cell. "The first time," he said, "you were on your feet for 11 days, and the second time for 16. Would you care to make it 26 this time?"

I entered the third and last phase of what seemed like hell on earth. During the first four days, neither food nor drink reached me. After that, the meals and the general procedure were very much the same as during the two previous ordeals. This time, however, the guards, apparently tired of the whole business, tortured me less than before. But the swelling of my feet and legs set in very soon; my mind, too, slipped into a whirlpool of mental confusion much sooner than during the first two periods.

I must have been standing more than a week without rest or sleep when the strange fixed idea again took hold of me that I should make some sort of false confession. With what little mental power remained, I managed to set down a concocted story, which the police chief rejected; then I wrote another, purely nonsense. The chief, after studying the silly script, evidently admonished Uglyin that no further pressure be forced upon me and that I be sent back to prison, for soon I was on my way out of the torture chamber. I was a sick man but oh, how good it did feel to be back in prison, and at

peace. And how I did thank God.

The number of days in the third and last phase of the no-sleep torture is not clear to me, but I am fairly certain that the entire ordeal covered no fewer than 37 days and nights of continual standing.

The October nights grew colder. I begged for some clothing but found nothing forthcoming. To the two thin blankets, an old torn quilt was added, but even this did not help much. Day and night I shivered and froze.

New Year's day, 1940, was marked with a medical inspection. The Russian doctor who examined me declared my lungs were affected and wrote a prescription. But the medicine never came.

I then spent more than six successive months, from August to February, in the silent solitude of that single cell. Then I was transferred to another prison, which turned out to be the remodeled dispensary of our Catholic mission.

Finally, on Jan. 2, 1941, a police officer ordered me to pack up my few articles quickly. He hurried me off to an auto waiting in the yard, told me to climb in and to lie down flat. A few moments later Father Oirschot arrived and was ordered to do likewise. A large canvas was thrown over us so that we could see nothing, or rather

that none could see us. Evidently it was intended to keep the populace from knowing what was happening to us.

The day was bitter cold. Iron chains were fastened about our legs. We lay on the truck like two pigs being hauled to market. Sorrowfully we realized that we were losing much church property and our personal belongings. But, thank God, we were still alive, and in our gratitude could forget the biting cold and the bouncing, and rolling back and forth on the wooden floor of the truck.

We reached Tihwa on Jan. 4. There we spent another four days in prison. Finally, on Jan. 8, the iron door swung open and with a sweeping gesture the official ordered me to bundle my belongings. As I reached the prison door a dark cloth was thrown over my head. Led into another room, my head was uncovered. Shortly afterward, Father Oirschot arrived in the same condition. Later, in another room we came face to face with our confreres, Monsignor Loy, Fathers Hilbrenner and Metter. It was hard to restrain the impulse to tears and to fall into each other's arms. Here we were gathered together once more, the five sole survivors of the Sinkiang mission field. That same evening two autos raced us to Kansu, and freedom in exile.

In the U.S., men who do not know *who* they are, are always placed in state institutions, or called lunatics, and given simple tasks to do; men who do not know *what* they are, are often placed in state institutions, called professors, and given the task of teaching the young.

Blind Girl's Triumph

By HARRIETT C. CHRISTIE

Condensed from the *Ave Maria**

This is the story of the early life of Anne Sullivan Macy, little blind girl who became the teacher of another, more famous blind girl, Helen Keller. Of Annie, Miss Keller once said, "All I have done I have done through her."

Little 10-year-old Annie Sullivan tugged at Nurse Nellie's white uniform, her pinched white face peering up as if the half-blind eyes were trying to read an answer in the stern face bent over a tray-loaded table.

"Let me help," she begged. "Honest, I won't spill a drop."

"Oh, all right. Anything to stop your pestering. Guess you're not too blind to carry a tray as far as the main dormitory."

The words held no hurt for Annie. Kind words had been all too few during her years at Tewksbury poorhouse. Anyway, nothing else mattered, now that she had been given an opportunity to help.

Slowly, carefully, feeling her way with one hand while she held tight to the tray with the other, Annie walked the familiar way down the poorhouse halls. Her eyes squinted as she tried to make out hazy outlines.

First, of course, she'd take the medicine to Maggie, who read her the beautiful stories. Maybe Maggie would tell her another story about our Lord, or the angels who protected blind girls.

She found the crippled old woman

A mouth to feed: a soul to save

propped up in bed, a rack of books before her. Maggie lifted, ever so slightly, a drawn and knotted hand in greeting, then nodded toward the books: "I'm glad you're here. Won't you change my books for me? Seems like, sometimes, these old hands of mine won't even turn the pages."

Annie set the tray on the stand she could see dimly beside Maggie's bed, then groped forward until her fingers touched a book on the bed.

"Guess what I heard Cora say to Theresa today," Annie whispered to her confidentially. "She said I'd be so pretty, if it weren't for my eyes."

The crippled woman looked at her. "God gives us the bitter with the sweet so that we may not become too proud, Annie. Your eyes are your cross. Bear it well, and God will reward you."

"There's something else," Annie interrupted. "Cora said a child like me ought never be born. That I'm just another mouth to feed."

Maggie reached painfully forward and let a soothing hand fall over the blind child's tightly clenched fists. "Oh, shame, shame!" she whispered. "Don't you pay one bit of attention to such talk. Another mouth means another soul. Show them your soul is big, and they'll forget the blindness of your eyes."

"But Aunt 'Stasia said the same

**Notre Dame, Ind.* July 21, 1945.

thing when she sent me here, after mother died. She let me stay with her for a while, me and baby Jimmy, but one day I asked her to bathe my eyes in geranium water, like mother used to do, and that's when she said it. Then they brought me and Jimmy here."

Maggie's misshapen hand squeezed more tightly over Annie's fist. "Listen, and remember what I tell you, child. Jesus would not have said that. To Him, you would have been another child to love and help. Let me tell you about Him."

Annie sat down on the bed. It was an old, old story the crippled woman told; but one Annie loved to hear. As Maggie described the scene when Jesus said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God," Annie could feel she, too, was listening to the Master.

After the story, Maggie had news for her little friend.

"Father Duvall was telling about it just this morning," Maggie was saying. "It's a school, child, for the blind, which is being started right near here, in Boston."

The girl leaned forward, squinting narrowly as she tried to read her companion's face. "Would they take half-blind people like me? Could I learn to read, too?"

"Child," the cripple answered her, "you're the same as blind, as far as reading goes. I don't see why they wouldn't."

"And I could really learn to read? I could get an education, so that I would

not be just another mouth to feed?"

Annie's thoughts were now filled with one thing: the new school. So interested was she in her secret plans she didn't even know when Father Duvall was replaced by Father Barbara; had she known what this change would mean to her, she would have been interested, indeed. For it was Father Barbara who arranged to have her taken to a hospital where an operation was performed. The operation was partially successful, for it removed whatever had caused the bright lights to dance constantly before Annie's eyes; but it did not cure her blindness. The thick grey curtain which still covered the pupils permitted a little light to filter through so the child could see shapes dimly; that was all. Father Barbara took Annie to the city infirmary for two more operations; when neither helped, she was returned to Tewksbury.

As long as there seemed a possibility that she might be able to see, Annie seemed to forget about school. Now, that hope banished, she turned to her original plan. She gained new hope when Tilly Delaney, an inmate, read her an account by Charles Dickens describing his visit to the Massachusetts School and Institute for the Blind. This was the school, Annie decided, she would some time attend.

While Annie's determination was at its height, the superintendent came into the ward to announce a visit of the county overseers. As he instructed the inmates on how they were to act while the guests were present, Annie edged

forward and gently tugged at his arm.

"Tell them about me, won't you, Mr. Stacy?" she begged.

"About what, child?" he asked her, looking down.

"About my going to blind school, of course, I want to go *so* bad."

"Oh, yes, I'll tell them," he answered, his mind already returning to the coming visit. When the overseers finally arrived, Stacy forgot his promise, as Tilly had predicted.

The blind girl tried to solve her own problems; but always butted her head against such impossible obstacles as inability to write, impossibility of leaving the poorhouse to take her message, or absence of friends who could do for her what blind eyes could not do.

Then there were other visitors, and Annie's hopes climbed again. This time she would tell them herself. Taking courage, she pulled at the dress of a woman who had patted her head.

"Please," she whispered, "do make them let me go to the blind school. Please!"

The gloved hand patted her on the head again; but the voice carried no hope.

"There, there, child. You mustn't mind. You're getting along fine here. The schools aren't for children like you."

Months went on, in which Annie finally conquered despondency; but months in which she never stopped thinking of the school she still planned to attend. Then another visitor was scheduled, Frank B. Sanborn. One of the inmates told her Sanborn was im-

portant enough to help her, if he would.

This time Annie followed the visiting group from ward to ward, trying constantly to pick out which dim shape would be Sanborn. It was hard, following down halls when her mind was concentrated on voices instead of obstacles she saw merely as shadows; but Annie stayed.

When the party was ready to leave, she had not yet decided which voice or shadow was Sanborn. But she might never have such a chance again. In desperation she hurled herself toward the group.

"Mr. Sanborn," she called out loudly. "Mr. Sanborn, help me. Let me go to school."

One of the men leaned forward and his big hand closed gently over her small fingers. He pulled the little girl toward him. "I'm Sanborn. What can I do to help you?"

A few days later Annie was on her way to school. There were problems—of clothes, for example. None of the clothes Annie had worn when she first entered Tewksbury fitted any longer, and her poorhouse wardrobe would never do. Finally, kindhearted inmates managed to scrape together from among their few possessions enough to supply the blind girl with two calico dresses, a shawl, shoes, and black cotton stockings. So she left Tewksbury with a bundle of spare clothes and a tiny cluster of geraniums which had been grown by an inmate.

Little blind Annie they had called her at Tewksbury; but big blind Annie

at Perkins Institute, where she was forced to enter a beginners' class of six and seven-year-old daughters of ministers, teachers, and others of social distinction. Those children did not understand Annie nor her poorhouse customs. Their comments frequently hurt: "Oh, I told mother about her, and she said she was just shanty Irish. Too bad, mother said, that people like that had to be brought into the world to become just another mouth to feed. And she said she thought it a shame we had to associate with such trash."

But Annie wanted to learn; snubs failed to deter her. During her second year, she spent the summer vacation washing dishes at a large boarding house in Boston. One of the boarders became interested in the girl working so hard to earn an education, and he got her an interview at the Catholic Carney hospital. After a number of operations over more than a year's time, the girl was finally rewarded. *She could see!* Not well, perhaps; but for the first time she could discern colors of flowers and the figures on the church altar.

Four years later, Annie was graduated from Perkins, adept at reading both braille and the new ink print she could now see.

Mrs. Hopkins, one of Annie's teachers, was with her when the tall, well-formed girl of 19 was rearranging her dark hair for the valedictorian speech. "The superintendent, Mr. Anagnos, says you resemble Miss Folsom, who is to marry President Cleveland," Mrs. Hopkins said. "When I heard that, I

got a picture of the dress Miss Folsom wore when she was graduated from Wells college, and made one just like it. It's all white, and has two wide lace ruffles, with a pink sash. I hope you'll like it and wear it tonight."

"Oh! Oh!" Annie closed her eyes in delight. She had never had a white dress. A pink sash was beyond dreams.

"There will be white shoes, too," Mrs. Hopkins smiled.

The governor of the state called Annie's name, and introduced her. The girl touched the pink roses Mrs. Hopkins had pinned to her waist and gained confidence from the reassurance that someone in the audience cared for her. She walked slowly to the front, and gave a speech printed in the *Christian Register* the following week. One part, which caused Annie much toil in the writing, read: "And now we are going out into the busy world, to take our share in life's burdens and do our little to make the world better, wiser, and happier. Self culture is a benefit, not only to the individual but to mankind."

Even as she spoke the words they worried Annie. Not that she thought they were wrong; but because she hadn't been able to discover a way in which she could personally do her bit to make the world better. Although she could now see, she knew her sight was not good enough to permit her to do any ordinary important work to make the world better, wiser, or happier.

Her real opportunity came two years later, when her old superintendent at

Perkins wrote her a letter. A Mrs. Keller, who lived in Tuscomb, Ala., wanted a tutor for her daughter, a blind deaf-mute.

Annie threw back her head, a smile of contentment around her once-blind eyes. Here was her work, her opportunity. She could see well enough to be the eyes for the blind Keller girl; she

could read braille, and could teach the Keller girl to read it. Because she had spent many years of her life in Tewksbury poorhouse, where almost all the inmates were cripples, deaf-mutes, or persons handicapped in other ways, Annie had learned to love all handicapped persons. She would love and teach Helen Keller.



'Tis Funny, McGee!

By JERRY COTTER

Condensed from *The Sign**

Once each week Jim and Marian Jordan become the McGees of 79 Wistful Vista and play host to more than 30 million dialwise Americans. The transition is pleasant, for the Jordans in private life come closer to being counterparts of their radio selves than any of their colleagues, save perhaps the eternally nonchalant Bing Crosby.

The amiable banter and hectic adventures of Fibber McGee and Molly have been intriguing listeners 11 years, ever since their folksy charades were lifted from the obscurity of small-time radio to a network of more than 140 stations. Contrary to Molly's wifely admonition, "Tain't funny, McGee!" the radio audience thinks it is. Their long-term enthusiasm for the McGee brand of homey fun has boosted the program to the top of the popularity polls, with

the highest rating ever attained by a half-hour session.

Molly's Irish wit, Fibber's penchant for predicaments, and the legendary hall closet have become national institutions. To a quarter of the nation, Fibber and Molly McGee are synonymous with Tuesday-night chuckles. They are first to acknowledge their indebtedness to Don Quinn, who has been their writer and partner since the days when \$60 a week was munificence.

While most of radio's comedy stars and writers even appear determined to crowd in as many smutty gags and innuendoes as the network editors allow, the Jordans and Quinn keep their material clean. Wholesomeness has become a fetish, to the intense satisfaction of listeners who find the McGee series an oasis of good taste. Success, with ac-

Mr. and Mrs. Average American

*Union City, N. J. August, 1945.

companying financial rewards, has not tempted them to follow Hope, Durante, Cantor, Benny, Burns-Allen, and a host of lesser lights whose comedy is often on the sly side. Their reward is not only the knowledge of a job well done, but the admiration of a vast audience, long wearied by radio's suggestiveness.

Recognition of their unique spot in the entertainment field recently came from the Catholic War Veterans in the form of a special national commander's citation, "in recognition of their successful efforts to lighten the burdens of the American people in a time of great ordeal through understanding and clean comedy; in appreciation of their contribution to the American scene unmarred by the sarcastic half truths, the disillusionment and moral decay too often offered as valid Americana; and in acknowledgment of their accomplishment in portraying the American home through gentle humor in true dignity as a great source of our national strength." The Jordan recipe calls for a pleasant, semisentimental patter built around the everyday hopes, mishaps, and comic adventures of an average small-town couple.

When a resounding crash follows the opening of the Wistful Vista hall closet, a million housewives probably make a mental note to do a little closet-cleaning job first thing in the morning. A trip to the movies generally assumes proportions of a major event, with the blustering Fibber either forgetting his wallet or driving off in the mayor's car by mistake. If he stalls on visiting the

dentist the day after a toothache, practically every listener is on his side, though Molly's soft-brogued insistence usually triumphs in such matters. Probably the most popular single feature of their program is Molly's weekly impersonation of Teeny, the inquisitive little girl who always pops up at exactly the wrong moment. Though no effort has ever been made to keep it secret, the fact that Molly plays this part amazes most studio audiences and is a great tribute to her ability.

Banish the thought that the surface simplicity of the program's format means the series is hastily contrived. Behind-the-scenes observers see in it a slick, ingenious pattern, cleverly constructed and performed by experts in the art of timing, voice modulation, and character interpretation.

More than any other air program, the series has used imagination and skill in broadcasting the war messages radio has been asked to spread. If a recruiting drive for nurses is on, the McGees go out to convince a retired nurse friend to enlist for the duration. They may stumble along for 25 minutes, but you can rest assured that in the final five they get the idea across, both to their friend and the listening audience. This Quinn-Jordan accomplishment is a marvel, recognized as such by government agencies. The three-cornered partnership has also proved that even the obnoxious commercial can be palatable when deftly woven into a script. When the McGees give their floor-wax sponsor the opportunity to relay his message, it develops into a smart-paced

combination of salesmanship and fun.

While the Jordans, late of Peoria, are now riding high, wide, and happy with a cattle ranch and a white colonial home in Encino, Calif., their path wasn't always wax smooth. Ten dollars a week was once their reward from radio, and Jim has known the day when he was mighty happy to get an assignment carrying a spear in a Chicago spectacle or singing in cafes for the privilege of passing the hat.

Marian Driscoll and Jim Jordan met for the first time during choir rehearsal at St. John's church in their home town. Jim was an aspiring tenor, while Marian's ambition was to be a concert pianist. She was well on the road to achieving that goal, being a piano, voice, and violin teacher of local fame. It was about this time that the 21-year-old Jim got his first taste of theatrical life when he joined a vaudeville act and tenored his way from Peoria to the Pacific and back.

Shortly after he returned, Jim and Marian married and the U. S. government also took Jim under its protective wing, first, as a mail carrier, then, six days after the wedding, as a member in good standing of the AEF.

The postarmistice period was rather rough on Jim's career, but Marian's music pupils tided them over. Eventually they embarked on a concert tour. Their baby daughter traveled and thrived with them, but the arrival of a son, two years later, sent the family to Chicago in search of a more stable existence. But as many others before and after them have discovered, musicians

and singers are not always the happy victims of instantaneous success. There were offers to tour in vaudeville, but little else. Determined to make the grade, the Jordans stuck it out in favor of home life. After a few weeks, however, they bowed to the inevitable, took the children to relatives in Peoria, and set out on a vaudeville tour.

Within a year they were back in Chicago with the children, and a radio contract paying \$60 a week. As pioneers in the new medium, they had to experiment. They were still officially listed as musical talent when they met Quinn, a commercial artist who wanted to be a writer. He asked them to try out a comedy routine he had written.

"But we're not comedians," said Marian. "We just use a little dialogue for variety between musical numbers."

"I've listened to you," replied Quinn, with a straight face. "You're comedians."

The Fibber and Molly characters were not an immediate result of the new partnership, but a gradual evolution. They blossomed when, after four years of daytime broadcasting in Chicago, the trio went after the gold and glory of radio's after-dinner hours. Although not spectacularly successful in the beginning, the blustering, bragging Fibber and his wise, witty spouse soon won an audience. The show began to take form, the characters developed. The Old Timer and Mr. Wimple, two roles played with great skill by Bill Thompson, now in service; the Great Gildersleeve, the McGee's bullying neighbor; and the exclusive Mrs. Up-

pington were some of the popular personalities developed.

Jim and Marian delved into their own family recollections for incidents and characteristics to bequeath to their microphone selves. Fibber became a replica of Jim's father, an Illinois farmer, and Molly drew much of her Celtic wit from the sayings of Marian's mother.

Inevitably, Hollywood became interested, but thus far the screen has not treated them kindly. Endeavoring to cash in on the team's radio popularity without undue exertion, the movie makers handed them a series of moth-eaten vehicles of the silent-era vintage. The results have been quite financially happy for all concerned, but hardly calculated to endear Fibber and Molly to anyone not on dialing terms with them.

Away from the studio, the Jordan mode of life is simple, though comfortable. Their Encino ranch serves as a home rather than a star showcase. Though in the Hollywood orbit, they make no concession to its eccentricities, being practically unknown to the autograph hunters, headwaiters, and nightclub habitués.

Jim, who has served two years as president of the local chamber of commerce, manages the 1,000-acre ranch and the cattle they raise as security for the day when Fibber and Molly retire from the spotlight. At the beginning of every new radio season they say it will be their final one.

The Jordan living room is the scene of lively family gatherings, with sing-

ing, Irish jigs, and old vaudeville routines. Their daughter Kathryn, now 22, and her baby live with them while awaiting the return of her Navy-doctor husband from overseas. Jimmy, Jr., is embarking on an acting career, having recently been discharged from the Army. He has appeared in several small parts before camera and mike.

The Jordan-McGees are a Hollywood oddity in other ways, too. They have had 27 years of happy married life, and, to the utter amazement of the sophisticated, thrive on it.

At 47, Jim Jordan finds his greatest pleasure puttering in a basement carpenter shop. Unlike his alter ego, Fibber, Jim knows his way around a workshop and has turned out a good deal of the family furniture. Marian, one year his junior, and far more attractive than many a movie glamorite even though she eschews make-up, is home-minded, too. Once during an interview, a startled scrivener heard a young male voice drift downstairs:

"Oh Mom, there aren't any bath towels."

"Heavenly days," exclaimed Marian, dashing out of the room and the house. She returned lugging a huge laundry basket.

Every Tuesday night in a brightly lighted studio in Hollywood's Radio City, Marian and Jim play at being everybody's next-door neighbors, the average Mr. and Mrs. America. One of the reasons they succeed so well is that they spend the rest of the week living their parts far from microphone or camera.

The Woman With Christ's Wounds

By LT. BERNARD SCULLY

Visit to Theresa Neumann

Condensed from a letter*

When we arrived in Konnersreuth we met a woman who told us that she was one of Theresa Neumann's six sisters. She pointed out the rectory where Theresa was working for the pastor, Father Norberg. We rang the doorbell, and a stoutish, smiling, middle-aged Bavarian woman opened the door and welcomed us in German. She ushered us into the rectory reception room, where the white-haired old pastor welcomed us. There were five of us, Father Vogt, our chaplain; Maj. Joe Bradley; T/5 Poallellia; Pfc. Ryan, our interpreter; and myself. We all sat down, and the pastor started to tell us how suspicious the nazis had been of Theresa. They prohibited visitors. As he talked on in German that was too fast for me to follow, my attention began to wander and I looked at the woman who had admitted us.

As she lifted a hand to her face I saw a half-inch-square scab on the back surface of her hand. Her blue eyes shone with a hidden light. I have tried to think of another face or expression with which I could compare hers but I know of none. I could not at first realize that the quiet woman who sat there was Theresa Neumann. Ryan was translating the words of the pastor, telling us that although bleeding only occurs from the stigmata on Good

Friday and certain other Fridays of the year, Theresa is in constant pain. I looked at this woman with the quiet smile. It seemed hard to believe she could be suffering.

Theresa showed no false self-consciousness as her pastor told about her. She was born near Konnersreuth 47 years ago. She had aspirations for the sisterhood at the time of the first World War but illness in her family was an obstacle. After the war she was stricken with a serious illness. She was confined to a sickbed which she never left for six years.

One day St. Thérèse, the Little Flower, appeared to her, promising that she would receive fulfillment of any wish, whether for health, relief from pain, or whatever she wanted. Theresa replied she only desired that the will of God be fulfilled. St. Thérèse said she had chosen most wisely, and would receive great favors but that henceforth she would suffer a crown of thorns no doctor could cure. Suddenly Theresa's weakness disappeared and she rose from her bed. A bleeding wound appeared in her side. The village doctor became alarmed and rushed out to prepare a place for her at a hospital. St. Thérèse again appeared and told Theresa to go to the village church instead, to thank God her long illness was cured. Theresa did, and the

*To Terence L. Connelly, S.J., of Boston College, as published in the Boston Pilot. July 21, 1945.

wound in her side healed. This occurred, I believe, in 1925. Within two years other stigmata appeared in hands and feet. She now has these wounds in the location of the Sacred Wounds of Christ. She also has nine stigmata around the top of her head, such as would be caused by the crown of thorns.

We saw and examined the scabs on the back of her hands. There are similar stigmata on the palms. These were covered with adhesive tape, since Theresa works with her hands all day. The scab on the back of each hand is a half inch square. We did not see the other stigmata. However, the pastor later on showed us the garments which Theresa wore on Good Friday. We saw a white cotton jacket which she had worn over two other garments. This was covered with blood stains. We saw a white square handkerchief such as the Bavarian women wear over their heads. On this were many blood stains which ran together. It was possible to trace out nine spots in the pattern of a circle with an open space about four inches wide not stained. This was at the forehead. I thought to myself that this must have been a very literal fulfillment of the promised crown of thorns.

Father Norbert then showed photographs taken on Good Friday by one of Theresa's brothers. Her hands were covered with blood. Her outer garment was dark with blood in many places. Her face, too, was dark from streams of blood that coursed down her cheeks. This must have been a ter-

rifying sight. On Good Friday Theresa experiences an ecstasy wherein she endures the sufferings of Christ on the road to Calvary and on the cross. She sees the face of the suffering Christ and those of the people with him at the crucifixion. Although she has never studied any foreign language, Theresa speaks in ecstasy in Aramaic, the language used by Christ. Theresa attended school for ten years, the usual course in Bavaria, where she was an industrious but not brilliant student. One Good Friday a Protestant professor of languages was present. He easily comprehended what Theresa was speaking in Aramaic. He went away, like everyone else, admitting that what he had seen and heard was beyond his understanding.

Since 1927 Theresa Neumann has had nothing to eat or drink except daily Communion. In a very special way the Body of Christ is the bread of life for her. If some circumstance prevents her from receiving Holy Communion she becomes very weak. She is probably five feet, five inches tall and weighs about 150 pounds. There is nothing ascetic about her appearance.

As Father Norberg was telling us of the amazement of the doctors who had examined her I heard Theresa drop some jocular remark about doctors not knowing everything. Our interpreter also caught this and mentioned that Major Bradley was a doctor. This amused her as well as it did us and she let out a merry burst of laughter. I saw her laugh again like this when we were in the rectory garden taking

pictures. Theresa was too modest to pose for us. She slyly dropped the remark that we with our cameras were as bad as the SS troops with guns, who used to poke their noses around her house. Her hearty laugh, though, told us she was glad to suffer this inconvenience to make us happy.

We returned to the rectory and Theresa signed her name to some religious cards for us. Of one picture of the Saviour she remarked, "It is very lifelike," as I have heard others speak of the likeness of a close friend.

I looked at my watch, 5 P.M. We

had been there two and a half hours. It seemed like a few minutes. On our way back to camp we agreed that the most impressive characteristics of Theresa Neumann were her simplicity and humanness. Is Theresa Neumann a saint? Time and the decision of the Church will tell. The evidence and findings of many investigators, both Protestant and Catholic, with photographs, are given in a life of Theresa Neumann by Bishop Schrembs. Saint or not, I have seen a holy woman whose piety shines gloriously in a very human setting.



Theresa Neumann's Ecstasy

By WARRANT OFFICER WILLIAM LONG*

As if on the Cross

Condensed from a letter†

Officer Long witnessed 45 minutes of Theresa Neumann's ecstasy, which frequently starts at midnight on Thursday and continues until an hour after noon on Friday. Throughout her agony and for the rest of Friday she is blind, and loses much blood. The following day she is healthy and normal. Officer Long saw Theresa sitting erect in bed in ecstasy, her arms outstretched, and her eyes completely bathed in blood.

The blood and tears trickle down her cheeks, coursing to a point under her chin, leaving a wide, deep blood trace on her cheeks. The expression on her face changes constantly. She is so completely absorbed in the agony and

death of Christ she is oblivious of anyone's presence in the room.

"She now sees Christ being raised on the cross," the pastor explained. Then her expression changed to one of the most excruciating pain; she wrung her hands. The pastor said she actually suffers with Christ the agony of hanging on the cross.

Presently she turned her head to one side and listened with rapture. Again the pastor explained she hears the Lord tell the Good Thief he will be in paradise. Suddenly she turned her head to

*Of Cumberland, Md.

†In the Catholic Review, 21 W. Franklin St., Baltimore, Md. July 20, 1943.

the other side and gesticulated angrily, muttering something; she heard the other thief mocking Christ. About this time I noticed blood, from her side, staining her dress. There were nine blotches of blood on her linen veil coming from the wounds on her head.

Most of the time, her face was upturned. Her eyes, too, which could scarcely be seen for blood, were gazing upward. Her fingers twitched as if the nerves of her hands were being pierced.

Occasionally, her head would lower as if looking at someone just in front of her. Once she slowly moved her head as if following someone. The pastor told us she saw the blessed Mother and heard Christ address her: "Mother, behold thy son," and that she saw St. John moving to the right of the cross to embrace the blessed Mother, when Christ said to him: "Son, behold thy Mother."

A rapturous smile came upon her face and she laughed fairly audibly. The pastor explained our Lord was smiling at her and she was moving closer to the cross.

When she experienced the thirst with Christ, her face bore an expression of pain. She tried several times to moisten her lips with her tongue. Then suddenly she was convulsed. The pas-

tor said, "She is tasting the bitter gall."

After a while her face assumed an expression of unutterable loneliness, and she groaned, "*Abba, Abba. . .*" The pastor told us she feels the abandonment of Christ when He cried out, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me!"

The most dramatic moment came when she was suffering with Christ at the point of death. Her skin was transparent and we could see the blood leave her face. We saw her make one last determined struggle for life. Suddenly she dropped back.

She remained in this state several minutes, then suddenly came out of her ecstasy. The pastor hurried to her side as she said, "The Lord is so good and so sorrowful." About an hour later I saw her again. She was lying in bed completely exhausted. Her face was full and her cheeks rosy, but she was temporarily blind. An American chaplain, Father Murphy, went to her side, and placed her hand in his. "A consecrated hand is touching me," she said.

She added, "There are American soldiers in here who have come from far across the sea. I am so happy they are here. They have liberated us. I, too, have just come from a long journey where there were soldiers."

All agreements and acts concluded by the former Russian Empire with the government of the Kingdom of Prussia and the Austro-Hungarian Empire in connection with the partitions of Poland are annulled forever by the present Resolution, in view of the fact that they are contrary to the principle of self-determination of peoples and to the revolutionary, legal conception of the Russian nation, which recognizes the inalienable right of the Polish nation to decide its own fate and to become united.

Decree issued by the Soviet People's Commissars, Aug. 29, 1918,
and bearing Lenin's signature.

Living to Work

By ✠ RICHARD J. CUSHING

Condensed from an address*

There was once a man who was found sitting on the pavement beating his head against a wall. Someone said, "Why on earth are you doing that?" The man replied, "Because it feels so good when I stop." Many think like that of work. They live for the moment when they can stop. Work has become something to escape from. If they could make enough money, they would never do any more work. You may know of persons who came into money and gave up their lifework and retired into a state of unhappy boredom. When they stopped working, they really stopped living.

There is something wrong with that. Work is not merely an activity to produce commodities; it was intended by divine providence to become a means of personal development. Unless one can build his life around some form of congenial work he cannot live a full human life. Work which stunts human faculties and results in human degradation, however productive, contradicts the essential purpose of human existence. In the Christian view, we should not have to work just to live; that is slavery: we should live to work; that is freedom.

Everyone has a right to a lifework which is a congenial form of making something, not just a job. It is life, the life of an artist painting a portrait on

the canvas of time. I am not saying that we all ought to be artists in the technical sense. We think of makers as a very small group of painters, poets, and so on. But in the Christian view, the artist is not a special kind of man, but every man is a special kind of artist. If we can sail a ship well, drive an engine, plow a field, be a lawyer, doctor, street-sweeper, or businessman—if we can do any of these, we are makers.

In addition, men and women have a right to that work which enables them to make something for the betterment of society. There are countless ways. Most persons, to be fully alive, need a family to help build up the life of their community, their country, and the world. As a businessman, one's happiness depends on his success as maker of something that enriches society. He is living to work; not working to live.

One does not have to be a college graduate. God has given creative talent to everyone. Every breathing mortal was created by God to live and to enjoy his work, with the consoling conviction that he was contributing to the community. Most of us in the priesthood came from the poor. Our fathers, who made possible our education, were workers with a goal. They would give what they did not receive, an education to equip their children. As far as

The divinity in man

*To the Boston Chamber of Commerce, Dec. 21, 1944.

I know, only one Catholic Bishop in all the U. S. is the son of a man who ever set foot inside any college. Work like that, however humble, springs from the serene conviction that the goal of the worker is a benefit to society.

In our industrial system responsibility is allocated in a diminishing scale from top to bottom. Work in the Christian sense belongs in fullest measure only to the man at the top. He has responsibility, not only for his own actions, but for those of thousands under him. Creative making belongs only in its most diminished form to the man at the assembly line who has the responsibility only for a single, minute, and highly simplified mechanical operation.

Two things militate against a fully human life within this framework. It condemns large numbers to the mental drudgery of endless monotony. It assigns human labor to an inferior place in the scale of human values.

There is a great difference between drudgery and hard work. Drudgery is hard work, without the joy of accomplishment. If that is all we have, we are in a sorrowful plight. Making things, although hard work, is fascinating, because one can say, "That is my creation." We hear a great deal about the danger of developing tensions; the value of relaxing. Yet, when one is totally relaxed, one is dead; to win a ball game, run a mile, beat last year's sales record, you have to be full of tensions; alive, living to work.

In earlier days, man was concerned with the making of the necessities. The

doing of necessary works called forth creative and contemplative faculties. The maker of bricks who made them one by one had to have an image of the brick and that image had to be called up afresh each time. In days when nails were made one by one, the same thing was true. But demand increased. Brickmaking and nailmaking became routine, demanded less and less imagination. Creative making gave way to physical drudgery.

Machinery destroyed physical drudgery; it replaced it with mental drudgery. If your physique would stand it, you would rather spend a day sawing wood than pushing one button in and out. It is hard to imagine anything more demoralizing than a prolonged routine mechanical operation. It makes workers as depersonalized as the man interviewed by a reporter. The newspaper man gathering material for a human interest story walked beside the long conveyor belt and chatted with each man. He asked their names and the nature of the operation each was performing. Finally, he came to one fellow and asked him who he was. The man replied, "I'm Nut 39."

Drudgery, like taxes, is always with us. Most jobs are a mixture of drudgery and making, and we take the first in stride because of the fun of the second. But if there has to be sheer drudgery, whether mental or physical, it should be distributed, just as it is shared in any decent family.

The grossest outrage against the worker has been the materialistic philosophy that the pursuit of wealth and

station is the most honorable pursuit a man can follow. The highest type of Christian humanity is Christ himself, a Worker with His hands, Son of a worker, Friend and associate of workers. By choosing the vocation of carpenter He dignified manual labor for all time.

How about the profit motive? There is nothing wrong with the possession of honestly gained wealth; but wealth brings social obligations and social responsibility; the selfish possession of wealth is degrading. This idea was once expressed: "If a man will not work, neither let him eat." Karl Marx didn't say that; St. Paul did. It means that you have a right to a reward in terms of wages, profits, or interest if you have done something for society that merits a reward. You have the right to enough prosperity to secure for yourself and your family a dignified and fairly comfortable way of life.

While there is nothing wrong with the profit motive, there is everything wrong with a society built exclusively on it. First, there is everything wrong with the man who says, "My only motive in working is to make money"; who says, "This is going to pay, and that is all I care about it."

Two factors, drudgery and the extreme of the profit motive, militate against a full human life. I would substitute the thrilling joy of craftsmanship, a new emphasis on love of God and neighbor.

Man, like God, stamps his image on his works. Something of our personality, something no other force can con-

tribute, goes into our labors and makes them part of ourselves. This is the foundation of the affection of the true craftsman for the product of his labors.

Watch a carpenter (a real carpenter); he never bullies the wood, never mauls it or forces it against the grain; he knows its qualities and treats them with respect. So what he makes, he makes well and beautifully.

The craftsman worships God in his work. This keeps his work social. Experience has taught us that the economists were terribly wrong when they constructed their hypothetical "economic man" who would serve society best by serving his own selfish interests first and last. We are always tempted to play our own hands for our own sakes, regardless of the world. We may seem devoted to humanity; but it is odd how easily that can become a devotion to one part and a hatred of other parts, unless we are continually being called to account by something greater than humanity. And that something is God. And for that reason, I would substitute for our present overemphasis on the profit motive a renewed and vigorous emphasis on love of God.

God must be in our work, in our business, in every phase of our life. We must become fit to share the life of God. Then we shall in fact be just, and more than just, for the law of love goes far beyond justice. Herein lies happiness. It has been proved that if you set out simply to find happiness, you never find it. Just as you think you have it, it eludes you. It is only when you abandon the idea and set out to make others

happy, to do good unselfishly, that you suddenly discover that you are really happy at last.

The same is true of society. There may be trials and heartaches and the problems may be great, but we have the stuff of happiness within us. In helping others to happiness, we are on the road to the goal ourselves. But if we set out simply to build a paradise on earth for ourselves, we shall surely fail. You remember the famous saying after the last war: "Now we're all brothers—all Cains and Abels."

A practical application of the foregoing point comes to mind. Before many months we shall have in our midst many who have returned bearing permanent evidence of their heroism on their bodies. Some will be partial casualties looking for employment. A war not of their making has seriously disarranged their lives. They are going to look for a chance to begin again. It will be the most natural temptation to reject them. But remember that a handicap may often drive them on to even greater accomplishment than they might ever otherwise have achieved.

The famous historian Francis Parkman suffered from nervous exhaustion and eye trouble which permitted him to write with difficulty but six lines a day for months at a time. He did not abandon his ambition to become a historian; he dug himself in more resolutely, worked over original manuscripts scarcely legible, through innumerable documents and volumes, and wrote his superb histories on paper

with a wire screen to guide his hand.

In spite of ill-health which baffled him every day for 40 years, Charles Darwin worked continuously until, as he said, his mind seemed to have become a sieve for sifting facts, until there emerged his epoch-making book *Origin of Species*, which furnished at least a generalization that has enriched all branches of biological science.

William Wilberforce was a frail person in the constant throes of ill health. Boswell heard him speak in Commons and said afterward, "I saw what seemed a mere shrimp mount upon the table: but as I listened, he grew, and grew, until the shrimp became a whale." For 20 years he was obliged by his physician to resort to opium to alleviate pain, but he had the courage never to increase the dose. His sufferings enabled him to appreciate more keenly the lot of the downtrodden, and to the mitigation of their misery he devoted the energies of a lifetime, fighting with a courage that would have done credit to the strongest of men.

Over his tomb in Westminster Abbey is carved one of the noblest inscriptions in the entire Valhalla of England's honored dead. "He removed from England the guilt of the African slave trade," it reads, "and prepared the way for the abolition of slavery in every colony in the Empire." Here, indeed, was the conversion of a liability into an asset, into a glorious achievement. For if Wilberforce had enjoyed robust health, he would probably never have acquired, one suspects, that profound sympathy motivating his life.

The great masterpieces have not come as a rule from some shining Apollo or robust Hercules free from the handicaps of ill health, poverty and affliction, but from the handicapped and the shut-ins, from dyspeptics like Carlyle, hunchbacks like Pope, neurotics like Poe, the blind like Homer and Milton, initial stutterers like Demosthenes, the deaf like Beethoven.

Robert Louis Stevenson, dogged by tuberculosis that sunk its teeth so deeply that no medicine nor change of climate could loosen their hold, could have become a sour cynic questioning the justice of the universe and throwing his pen away in futile disgust. But he drew from his affliction its hidden elements of value.

The war has brought us one tremendous blessing: it has restored to us a corporate sense, the feeling that we are a family. Many are happy in a way they never were before, in spite of all the horrors of war, for the simple reason that they are living something of a family life with their fellow men. It is absolutely vital that we should cling to that when the war ends. If we sink back again into the old spirit, we shall be in a sadder state than ever before. But if we do set about remaking the world for God and one another, perhaps we shall succeed beyond our dreams.

That form of making, however, means hard work. It means hard thinking, and thinking together. It means a united and invincible determination that our plans shall not be made ineffective by stupidity or guile,

by greed or selfishness; but they shall be put into effect with speed and thoroughness.

All this means a revolution in our ways of thought. It means refusing to think in terms of cash returns, but trying instead to make as God makes, for the goodness and joy of the job. It means having the power and courage to say: this or that is not worth making; this or that is not worth doing; and because such things are not worthy of us as free and responsible men, we cast them aside and will have nothing to do with them. But it means also having the will to declare ourselves; and we shall not have the will unless we live to work and not just work to live.

Let no one dare say it is impossible. It is not only possible: it is actually being done, now, at this very moment. When we are making weapons, we do not ask whether or not the job will pay. We ask only: will the product be good? The revolution has been brought about perhaps without our realizing it. This is the danger: we did not bring it about and, perhaps, when the pressure of events which brought it about has passed, we shall be ready to lapse into the old ways. That is why a revolution is still necessary, a revolution within ourselves. How hideous it would be to have to confess that the thing that can be done under the pressure of the desire to kill cannot be done when the motive is to bring life and dignity to America. How hideous to have to say that once more we have chosen Mammon and rejected God.

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How to Identify a Fascist

Definitions

By RALPH ROBEY

Condensed from *Newsweek**

Just what really determines whether a person is or is not a fascist? The one who uses the term as an epithet may be himself a fascist.

In broad terms, there are only three kinds of economic systems in the world insofar as the underlying philosophy is concerned. They are communism, fascism, and capitalism, or what is generally known in this country as free, or private, or individual enterprise.

The distinguishing characteristic of communism is common ownership of all property used in production and marketing of goods. Such common ownership is through the government, so communism means, in the language customarily used in this country, government ownership of all instruments of production.

How such ownership is brought about is of no importance to the basic concept of communism. That is merely party policy. Government ownership may come through revolution, as traditionally advocated by the communist party, or through "evolution," as advocated by most socialist parties.

The distinguishing characteristic of fascism is complete government control and direction of all production and marketing, but this is accomplished, not through government ownership of the factors of production, but within the framework of a system of private

property. Such complete government control and direction of what private owners shall do with their property is the only distinguishing characteristic of fascism. It has no ideological relation to whether a nation is warlike, or persecutes Jews, any more than communism is philosophically related to the liquidation of the kulaks or the denial of freedom of religion.

Both communism and fascism, in their basic concepts, are strictly economic, and the curious quirks and antisocial traits that those who run the system may develop have no necessary relation to the underlying philosophy of such systems. A person may be arrogantly intolerant and simply unspeakable in his attitude toward other races, and still not be a fascist. Or he may be a fascist and still be thoroughly tolerant and an ardent believer in the equality of mankind. The confusion on this point arises from regarding German nazism as synonymous with fascism. German nazism was based upon fascism, but also included many policies which had nothing to do with the underlying economic tenets of fascism.

The distinguishing characteristic of capitalism is the private ownership of property and private determination of what and how much shall be produced, with only such government regulation as necessary to protect the general wel-

*Broadway and 42nd St., New York City, 18. July 30, 1945.

fare and guard the basic liberties of the people. Under this system, competition, rather than government, is the force which directs production.

To summarize: a person is a communist if he believes in government ownership and operation of the means of production and distribution; a fascist if he believes in private ownership of the factors of production but thinks government should control and direct the use of such property; a capitalist if he believes there should be both private ownership and direction of production and distribution with only such gov-

ernment regulation as necessary to protect the public welfare and assure competition.

The next time, therefore, that you hear one of our so-called liberals ranting about the necessity for government planning of our economic lives, and calling everyone who opposes him a fascist, just stop him and ask whether he wants the government to take over all private productive property in this country. If he says Yes, put him down as a communist. If he says No, then ask if it isn't he, rather than his opponent, who really is the fascist.



Servicemen and Strikes

Is the man in overalls less patriotic than the man in uniform? A study reported in the *U. S. Naval Institute Proceedings* last year indicates that he is not. Vice Adm. J. K. Taussig wrote in the July *Proceedings* that 35,000 men, or more than 1.1% of the Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, are either absent without leave or absent over leave at all times. This means that, in the Navy alone, 14 million man-days of effective military service are lost each year because of these unlawful absences.

How does this record compare with labor's? The Associated Press, in a Washington story dated Jan. 29, reported that strikes and lockouts resulted in the loss of one tenth of 1% of the available working time in 1944, or 8,500,000 man-days of idleness. In other words, those in the naval service lost more time than workers, and the percentage of loss was ten times greater.

The Navy's record in this war is so magnificent that no one is inclined to criticize the service because a small percentage of its men go over the hill. But labor also has done its war job well, and should not be pilloried because a few workers have failed to keep the no-strike pledge.

S 1/c Robert H. Phelps in *Harper's Magazine* (Aug. '45).

(The opinions or assertions contained herein are the private ones of the writer and are not to be construed as official or reflecting the views of the Navy Department or the Naval Service at large.)

Five Miles Closer to Heaven

Ordeal by parachute

By HARRY F. WADE, C.Ss.R.

Condensed from the pamphlet*

I may forget, but with difficulty, my first thrilling parachute jump (22,000 feet, five miles closer to heaven than I've ever been) at night, into mountainous jungles.

Someone asked: "Father, did you pray?" Did I pray? But I can imagine one growing numb and dumb in a similar experience. Even when the crew chief, Sgt. Peter Carlin, pulled the emergency lever and dropped the rear door, and the cold misty air rushed into the big C-87, with nothing to jump onto but a fleecy bed of clouds—something akin to ice water coursed through my veins and I still couldn't believe my actual situation. The four motors still purred like four petted kittens. The ship was comfortably lighted. When Pete clearly informed me we were hopelessly lost, I still couldn't believe it! But did I pray? I don't believe I ever stopped! I recited the Act of Contrition, reflected, decided it wasn't perfect enough, erased it, started all over again. When the moment came (Pete had promised to follow on my heels) I started running, and ran until I ran out of solid stuff to run on. Did I pray?

Many is the time I sat at station 4, India-China division, Air Transport Command, in serious conference with fliers, discussing the hazards of the Hump. "Father," I've heard time and

again, "I get more nervous and tense each time I have to fly it." And how many times have I reassured them. But my words lacked something. The first opportunity I had, I sauntered into operations. Capt. Wild Bill Barbre was there. "Bill," I said, "what makes so many pilots fear the Hump?"

"It's hard, Father, to put your finger on one thing. I'd say, it's the high altitude, the heavy load, your life depending on the 'windmilling' of four temperamental fans, no place to let down, and the whole dad-blasted trickery of that pile of rocks! The only and surest way you'll ever find out, though, is—fly it!"

That did it! My opportunity came Sunday afternoon, Feb. 6, 1944. Lt. Robert Scimoneit was scheduled to go over:

"Sure, Father! Be tickled to death to have you along."

At the plane I met Lt. John Dietzel, Sergeant Carlin, and Pvt. Perry Raybuck.

At 1800 (6 P.M.), we took off, fully loaded with 100-octane gas. As we climbed, the earth kept rising below us, gradually growing more and more uneven. At approximately 2100 (9 P.M.) we came out of darkness, flew over our lighted destination in China, made a class A landing.

We were roaring down the runway

*Liguorian Press, Oconomowoc, Wis. 1945. 60 pp. 25¢.

for India by 2200 (10 P.M.). We circled for altitude, and nosed the big ship westward. The radio compass did not function as it should have. But I made myself as comfortable as I could, adjusted my oxygen mask, relaxed.

About 0100 (1 A.M.) I noticed Bob and Lieutenant Dietzel talking to each other, checking, and looking out. Raybuck, our operator, was calling for a bearing. Pete, crew chief, kept constant check on all instruments. Dietzel was consulting maps, scribbling, consulting with Bob.

Peter stood next to my chair: "I believe we are plenty lost, Father."

The snow-clad fingers piercing the clouds below slowly began to relax, disappeared. Through a break in the moonlit cover, a black void was all that was visible. Concentrated inspection revealed faint traces of rolling mountainous jungle.

Pete touched my arm and signaled, pointing to my unbuckled parachute. The propellers were still turning steady and strong.

"Father," Pete said, "this is it!"

He shook his head as he buckled my chest straps. "Even if we do get a bearing and learn where we are, we haven't enough gas to make it. Better give me absolution, Father, and your blessing. Golly, I'm glad I received Holy Communion this morning." Pete was the only Catholic of the crew. After I buckled his chute, he knelt down. He looked a little worried. I pronounced the words slowly, fervently.

As Pete arose, he grabbed my hand and almost broke it.

"Pete, who is going to give *me* absolution?"

This big, powerful, good-natured Irishman just smiled at me—and warned me to hold on while he pulled the emergency lever and released the door. Never in all my flying experience had a plane seemed so comfortable. To have to leave it through that door 22,000 feet above, God only knew what—didn't seem rational!

"Father," said Pete, "let's try to stick together; we'll make it somehow!"

We didn't know whether it was Tibet, Burma, India, or China; whether it was Allied or enemy territory; whether it meant friendly natives or hostile headhunters—or no one at all!

Then four of us stood waiting. I said the Act of Contrition over and over, talked to God and our blessed Mother frankly. I looked at the opening, and it didn't seem real that I was going to have to go through it. I thought of the folks back home, and how the news of my "missing in flight" would affect them. I thought of my kid brother lost at sea in 1930, wondering if he had as much time to think things over as I. It's remarkable how many things go through your mind in such a situation.

Bob was still at the controls. I knew I was first, and must get out before the ship even began to go into a spin. No one would get out then! I looked at the others, Pete, Dee, and Ray; their bowed heads left little doubt as to what they were doing. How long was Bob going to stay there? Then it happened!

The ship shook terrifically! At once all the engines coughed and spluttered, out of gas!

I went down and back, in a crouched position, at terrific speed! Something large and black passed over. I knew it was the tail of the ship. I yanked the rip cord with all the power in my arm, received a jolt such as I had never felt in my life! I thought the ship had somehow veered around and struck me! The white canopy above me looked beautiful! Another bloomed open just above. It passed rapidly overhead—and down! I tried following it by pulling my shroud lines, but with no success. I guessed it was Pete; he weighed over 200 pounds. I soon lost sight of him. The others I never saw.

In the quiet, cool, and frosty moonlight, above two layers of clouds, I swung down, and the first clouds engulfed me. I emerged into the clear, still swinging helplessly to and fro, with another layer of broken clouds below. Through these I could see the dark, evil-looking jungles rolling high and uneven. "What a heck of a spot to be in," I said aloud, and scared myself with my own voice. To my right I sighted the wing lights of the C-87 spiraling far below. I passed through the broken clouds, and watched the plane burn furiously where it crashed into the mountains. The mountains grew larger; the jungles appeared impenetrable. I thought of the others; I prayed. The trees grew taller. I remembered Pete's landing advice: "Father, cover your face with your hands and

cross your legs." I did, as the whole jungle, impatient with my slowness, rushed upward and I went crashing through it. The breaking branches, twigs, and bamboo made an awful racket. As I touched the side of the mountain, I was sprung upwards. The parachute had canopied over the treetops, and the recoil of the trees lifted me before I could strike the ground with any force. My weight brought me back down. A more gentle landing could not have been hoped for.

It was very dark; I reached for my flashlight. The angle of the mountain was about 60°. The earth was damp, with black, loose soil. Vegetation grew in every direction. Dead fallen trees, branches, bamboo, bushes; thick, twisted vines; ferns; everything that grows in a jungle, surrounded me. The sky was completely hidden. I resigned myself completely to God's will.

I unfastened the parachute straps and cut the jungle kit free. I used the pack for a headrest, and just waited. There was nothing else I could do. I couldn't fathom my mental state. I wasn't frightened nor worried; just plainly puzzled.

I rested for what I thought was about 15 minutes, enough time to allow all the crew to land and get settled. I began to yell, long and loud; then I listened attentively. No answer. It was useless. The height from which we jumped too greatly separated us. It was 3:30 A.M.; I decided to rest until daylight, and slept fitfully for about three hours.

I thought I might try climbing over

the mountain and head in the direction in which I believed Pete Carlin could have landed. Three attempts left me exhausted, hopelessly entangled, with more ground lost than gained. My only way out was down. I hacked, cut, slid, tumbled, crawled for three hours, until I came to a narrow creek with hardly more than a trickle of water. Above, mountains enveloped me on three sides. My surroundings were giving me a queer feeling of claustrophobia.

The first day was tough, but consoling in the fact that the course was taking me toward valley country, and I knew the course would not lead me in circles. During that day, and for the next four, I could tell that the sun was shining only because of its reflection on the treetops. About 4 P.M. I came to the first of many waterfalls and cascades. Some were easy; but others extremely dangerous. Through four days, I had to descend over 12 waterfalls. Some were a drop of only five or six feet; others poured over rocks 20 or 30 feet. About five o'clock the first evening, I came to a series of cascades that dropped 150 feet. On both sides were sheer walls of rock. I shuddered, but was too fatigued to worry much, and decided to sleep over it. Brush, bamboo sticks, and ferns made a soft bed on some huge boulders in the middle of the stream. I started a fire to dry out my clothing, but it rained. On the side of the hill, I found a niche with an overhanging rock. In this, I curled up for the night. It was fairly warm in my flying suit, and I slept comfortably.

At daylight, I munched a piece of chocolate, drank the cool stream water, and faced the problem of descent. There was but one possibility, and that would be very dangerous because of the moss-covered, slanting rocks plus my water-soaked flying equipment. I was tempted to cast off some of the clothing but the possibility of getting sick at night kept me from discarding anything but the jungle kit, the contents of which I kept.

Then down the cascades, until I found myself in a vertical position clinging to the sides of the rocks, unable to go back or forward. Jagged, uneven rocks protruded 15 feet below. Inch by inch I wormed my way around a four-inch ledge, and felt I could make it to a lower ledge if a jutting rock about two feet away would hold my weight. I inched over, and, to my horror, it fell. The full weight of my body was being held by my right hand, and my feet were slipping. I uttered a prayer, went hurtling through space. I made a complete turn, and landed on the rocks on my knees, arms, and head. I lay there exhausted, shocked, and in pain for almost ten minutes, but found I had no serious injury. I arose and slowly pushed on.

A cold plunge seemed to increase the weight of my clothing about 15 pounds. Then I cut off the legs of my flying suit.

The morning of the third day, I encircled the mountain, and came to what I had dreaded—a sheer drop of about 20 feet to rocks below. My only advance was a leap over a gully to a

ledge about five feet below, and a slide on the flat of my back over rocks and loose vegetation into the water. I made it; luckily the water was only knee deep.

Each day my horror of getting wetter and my clothes heavier increased. On this third day the waters were increased by other streams. The valley widened, and most of the trip was through water ranging from ankle to knee deep and over relatively small falls and cascades. Eating but one slab of chocolate each day was now beginning to tell on my strength. Along toward evening I found it necessary to discard the remainder of my flying trousers. They had become terrifically heavy and were badly torn.

This day, however, I made my best distance. Signs of tiger, elephant, and deer prints along the creek bed cheered me, because I knew I was getting closer to the valley. I had not the slightest idea of my elevation, but level stretches encouraged me.

About dusk I came to a wildlife water hole. Two large trees lay across the creek, so I cut twigs to make a bed between them. I realized it was a natural bridge for small animals to cross on, but it was the safest and most comfortable location. I prayed it would not rain, and happily, for the first night of this excursion, it didn't!

I was almost scared off the log once: a small animal about the size and weight of a large rat ran over me. The rough bark against my bruised hips was not conducive to comfort. My side and back, to say nothing of my blister-

ed feet encased in water-soaked shoes, pained me.

On the fourth day, the water grew considerably deeper; as much as ten or 12 feet. I came to open country, and for the first time I felt the welcome warmth of the sun. I had to cross and recross the stream about 14 times, and finally I found it necessary to build a bamboo raft. I didn't bind it together very successfully, but it did help me over one stretch of water about ten feet in depth. Only 50 feet from embarkation, my raft was dashed to pieces, and I was drenched.

Clinging to the side of the stream, picking out shallow places, and cutting my way through jungle soon brought me to another stretch of shallow water. Shortly before dusk, I thought I recognized a fish trap and a man-made falls. It thrilled me, but I had seen so many mirages the past four days I decided not to give the scene further thought until I came upon it. I yelled out in complete happiness when I saw that it was a fish trap. I spied a bamboo raft, and on one of the rock beds signs of three fires. I decided to stay here. I felt certain the trappers would return.

In the stream were large fish. I still had about ten matches. I had fishhooks and a line, and I felt, with the remaining part of my chocolate and what fish I could catch, I could last an indefinite time at this location. This was, also, a place frequented by wild animals.

I cut a large bamboo pole, tied my handkerchief to the top of it, constructed a rock fortification about two and

one-half feet high all around the clearing, placed bamboo poles crisscross over the top, covered it with elephant leaves and grass, then took off my clothes to dry them.

The next day I lay out in the sun and rested, waiting for someone to come. I also spent the day making "Fort Wade," as I called it, more livable. From planes passing high overhead I had the first inkling I was in friendly territory, somewhere between India and China.

The evening of the fifth day an L-5 passed, low. I tried to attract attention by waving my bamboo flag and yelling, but it was too dark. I spent a most comfortable evening, and about nine o'clock next morning, heard the plane approach again. I waved the bamboo pole violently. The pilot, whom I later learned was Lt. Charles Linn, spotted my flag. He dropped a note. It fell in the middle of the stream. I forgot my sore feet, and waded out to retrieve it. I read: "Stay where you are. Food and blankets will be dropped to you. Instructions will follow."

About an hour later I heard the L-5 returning. Linn dropped food, also another note encouraging me to stay exactly on this spot, and asked me to signal him if I were seriously hurt. A rescue party would come out. It would probably take 48 hours. I was content to wait. My worries were at an end. The rest of the evening I continued to make my camp more comfortable, and offered some of the most fervent prayers of thanksgiving ever offered.

The morning of the seventh day,

Linn was back. "Chin up, the party will probably reach you late this evening, or tomorrow morning." I prepared a meal fit for a king, ate slowly but plentifully. Shortly after noon, as I was basking in the sun, I heard someone yell, "Hello!" I jumped up and answered. Two American soldiers came wading across the stream, waving their hands. They were Sgt. Clayton Harper and Pharmacist's Mate Jim Cloyd of the Navy, attached to this work, both assigned to the same rescue mission, under direction of Lieutenant Linn.

They told me I didn't look too bad for all the wear and tear, and offered me a smoke, my first in seven days. They promised me a hot meal and comfortable bed in camp downstream. Mate Cloyd doctored my feet, called four natives who had accompanied them, and gave them orders to build a bamboo stretcher chair. After two hours, we came into view of the camp. It was the most welcome sight I'd ever seen. Bedding and equipment were neatly laid out. Three cozy fires were crackling, and we had hardly arrived, when Chandu, a native, came with hot tea. Later, we had tomato juice cocktail, steaming rice, corn willie, chili, pears, and hot coffee. I ate ravenously. They tucked me into a sleeping bag, with hot-water canteens at my feet.

Next day, we arrived at the edge of the jungle about 4 P.M. Sergeant Harper, Lieutenant Linn and a Captain Britain of the British Army were there to meet us with the jeep. We drove into the post, and we talked at length of our experiences during the

eight days. Linn made arrangements for a hospital ship to pick me up, as it had been decided that I hurry off as quickly as possible. While we were out at the line, awaiting the hospital ship, I learned that my pilot, Lieutenant Seimoneit, had also walked out safely two days before, but Raybuck, Carlin, and Dietzel were still lost.

Linn interrogated me regarding my route, the approximate location of the crash, and the whereabouts of the one parachute I had seen go down. Shortly after, I flew over "Fort Wade" with him, and pointed out my route.

Lieutenant Dietzel, the co-pilot, and

Pvt. Perry Raybuck, the radio operator, finally walked out in 16 days, 11 of these together, but awfully alone.

The four of us sweated out the safety of big Sgt. Pete Carlin for 39 days. We had all but given up hope. The searching crews flew over the area relentlessly. Pete finally walked in, to everyone's surprise, bearded, footsore, his clothes tattered, and with a perceptible hollow in the middle of his torso. After hearing of the safety of all his crew, his first expression, introduced with a real laugh, was a request for a plane, so he "could go back to the station as soon as possible, and get to work."



Father Francis V. Douglas, a St. Columban missionary from New Zealand, was in charge of the little parish of Pelilla, near Manila, during the Japanese occupation of the Philippines. Rumor had him secretly visiting Filipino guerillas in the hills to administer the last sacraments to those wounded in skirmishes with the invaders.

The inevitable happened. Japanese soldiers marched up to the presbytery one night.

"Where are the guerillas hiding now, and what have they told you in confession?" the officer in charge asked Father Douglas.

Father Douglas declared he could not answer the questions, the second because he could not violate the seal of confession.

The Japanese officer threatened and cajoled. The priest stood there silently. The infuriated officer struck him, smashing him to the ground. Then he was seized, forced to go to the next town.

There, for three days and three nights, they kept him tied to a baptismal font in a Catholic church, punctuating arguments and threats with bayonet jabbings and more refined tortures. Father Douglas maintained silence.

Loss of blood, nausea, and the repeated blows and bayonet wounds brought Father Douglas close to death. Weakly, he pleaded, "Send for a priest."

The Japanese summoned the local Filipino priest, thinking Father Douglas intended to break down and talk. But he only received absolution from the Filipino priest, and died. He had revealed nothing. The Japanese took his body out and buried it, but refused to say where.

The Sidney, Australia, *Catholic Weekly* quoted in the *Tidings* (13 July '45)

Rackets in Religious Guise

By FRANK W. BROCK

\$12 starts one

Condensed from *Liberty**

Drop a nickel on the drum, sir, and you'll be gypped, most likely. Unless, of course, you first made sure who was holding the drum. Swindlers who fatten on religion and charity operate on a nationwide scale, and some are most unwholesome characters. For indirectly, they rob scores of honest organizations of desperately needed revenue. Directly, they take what was originally a decent impulse and make it abet a crime that *does* pay. In all cases they profane the name of religion.

Such skulduggery makes capital of that foundation stone of democracy, freedom of worship. Because Americans tolerate no restrictions of this liberty, it is easy to establish what passes for a religious organization, with all its privileges. The state of New York, for example, will charter your religious venture for \$12 and no questions asked. You may then designate yourself bishop, archbishop, or whatever, appoint as many Sisters, ordain as many reverends, Fathers, deacons as you please. You may, moreover, solicit funds in the name of the Lord.

Almost every city in the country has its share of religious frauds, many of which make important money. In the last five years, 17 charters, tantamount to licenses to steal, have been revoked in New York state by court order. The New York City department of public

welfare alone has 15 more cases awaiting trial. A typical example was the American Catholic Orthodox Church, Inc., which has not any connection with Catholicism, either Roman or Greek Orthodox. For ten years it conducted a "General Community Mission." The district attorney estimated that the "mission" netted at least \$50,000 a year, "and perhaps much more." But, as one of the neighbors stated, "they never did anything."

The Samaritan Army, with headquarters in Chicago, is one of several national organizations which do their best to make the public believe they are similar to the Salvation Army. However, there are significant differences. "General" Edward Collins, president of the Samaritan Army, will issue credentials and assign territory without investigation to almost any applicant who wishes to establish a branch, and split the take. The general's own penitentiary record may suggest why he is not too fussy about investigating his workers. Thomas W. Brophy, the Samaritan Army's vice president, has served time for burglary, forgery, and rape. The outfit's Milwaukee staff includes men who had been booked for assault, for operating a confidence game, and so on, and one of its Chicago personnel was arrested on a charge of molesting a six-year-old girl

*205 E. 42nd St., New York City, 17. Aug. 4, 1945.

he had invited into the "mission."

An organization known today as the American Rescue Workers is a direct, though illegitimate, offspring of the Salvation Army. James William Duffin, the American Rescue Workers' head, has been rescuing himself from work in the usual sense since 1896. In 1900 he chartered the "American Salvation Army" in Pennsylvania, and, under pressure, he changed its name in 1910. The present operation claims to "labor for widowed mothers and fatherless children, preach the Gospel, lift up the fallen, and work for God and humanity." Because of "irregularities," however, A. R. W. branches have been closed by authorities in more than 20 cities, most recently in Atlanta and Gainesville, Ga. Its solicitors, with the approval of their superiors, have retained as much as 65% of the money they collected.

In 1943 the admitted public contributions to the Buffalo branch totaled \$27,562.33. This enterprise is presided over by "Brigadier General" and Mrs. Richard M. Ives, whose income from all sources is reported at about \$50,000 a year. During their A. R. W. tenure they have acquired the building which houses the mission, an 18-room boardinghouse, a secondhand store, a gasoline station, a 17-acre farm intended as a summer camp for children, four trucks, two station wagons, and two private cars—all listed as the personal property of the Iveses. The summer camp has never been opened, although a drive was conducted last year for funds "to improve the site."

Philadelphia is wiser. In the Quaker City the American Rescue Workers are forbidden to solicit funds for charitable purposes. General Duffin makes his headquarters there, though, as does his son, John F., the national secretary. "Young" Duffin, 51, took part in a local drive for books to be sent to servicemen. There was the usual generous response—59,000 books—but they never got overseas. Duffin, Junior, admitted getting \$190 for 24,000 of them to be ground up into pulp. The other 35,000 were never located, though a few of them turned up in secondhand bookshops at 19¢ each.

Another coast-to-coast hookup is the Volunteers of America, whose affairs were made public when its Pittsburgh agent, Frank H. Wise, was up for income-tax fraud. National headquarters farmed out concessions all over the country. Each district chief was assessed a given sum; anything collected beyond that he was free to dispose of without accounting. Mr. Wise, on occasion, kept as much as 80¢ out of \$1.

Another member of the family, Arthur, took in \$14,000 in one six-month period as head of the Philadelphia branch. Of this, \$1,750 was used for charity. After Scranton police picked up a solicitor collecting money "for underprivileged children," he testified he kept half the take. "Adjutant" Fosso, the Scranton head, admitted that practically all money collected for underprivileged children had been spent "for other purposes."

A suspicious Buffalo citizen recorded a telephone conversation with a V.

of A. solicitor who said the outfit was a subsidiary of the Salvation Army. The record was played back at headquarters, after which the V. of A. fired the erring worker. In the neighboring city of Rochester, where the V. of A. maintain continuous telephone solicitation, two solicitors had police records. Iowa refused V. of A. a permit because a previous financial report showed that out of \$4,148 collected, \$2,520 went for salaries, \$342 for groceries, and \$16 for direct cash relief.

Only when compelled by law do most of those so-called charities account publicly for disbursements. Even then one might question their accuracy. Solicitors with criminal records aren't too precise about bookkeeping.

Spurious "charities" frequently work through local promoters. Contracts with such gentry are of two kinds, both vicious: one allows the promoter a percentage (up to 75%) of the gross, plus "expense"; the other lets him borrow the name of the organization for a given period at a given price, and anything else he gets is his.

Once your name is entered on a promoter's "tap," or sucker list, it is there for life. The card lists each of your previous donations, and adds pertinent information. Boiler-room [telephone-battery] operators quite often impersonate some prominent local personality on the telephone and solicit his acquaintances.

Once in the easy money, the average convert to this manner of life hates to work for his living. When mutiny shattered the ranks of the Samaritan Army

in South Bend, Ind., one erstwhile "major" renounced his title, became a plain "reverend," and opened his own mission. A second "major" got an appointment in another "army," this one working out of Detroit, and carried on at the old stand. A third officer began a hunt for a cheap vacant store where he, too, could start missionarying. Local authorities, convinced at this point that the deserving poor would suffer not at all by their absence, bade the trio move along.

Some of the "missions" operate a lucrative side line by selling "certificates of ordination." In one case, the bishop's certificate cost \$3.50. Duly ordained ministers are entitled to draft deferment, reduced fares on railroads, and other perquisites. New York City's welfare department has records of 50 religious corporations which would ordain a minister for \$2 or a bishop for \$5. Graduates of those diploma mills may be found at the head of hundreds of independent "missions" from coast to coast, but not, you may be sure, on the approved lists of charities in their localities.

Last year Los Angeles had more than 1,000 applications for permission to solicit for charitable purposes. The money-raising expense of the Red Cross was 2.25%; for the War Chest, 4%. All others averaged 19.3% and ranged from zero to 100% plus. In other words, some showed deficits, many of them intentional.

Here are a few of the hundreds of "religious" phonies that have had their day in court over the country:

"The Reverend" John R. Raines, who operated the Goodwill Gospel Mission in Baltimore with an income close to \$1,000 a month, tried to convince his draft board that he really was a clergyman. His pious title seemed clouded, however, by a police record of 25 arrests and a sabbatical leave spent in the penitentiary.

The Brooklyn "Volunteer Rescue Army," which had an estimated income of \$61,000 a year but spent not more than \$15 a week for charity, tops them all for showmanship. From chapels all over the city it sent out bebies of "Jingle Jills," gay and pretty girls, to bring in the stuff that jingled. The Jills got half, a "major" got a fourth, and the remaining fourth went to the "general."

Another Brooklyn enterprise operated under the name of American Volunteer Army, Inc. A uniform cap, a cup, and a license to beg in the name of the "Army" were issued to panhandlers for the flat fee of \$5 a week. The solicitor kept all his collections, but had to kick in another \$5 each week to renew his license.

There ought, of course, to be a law, and there *are* laws. But they vary greatly; they are slow-moving and without a serious bite. Pennsylvania places the maximum "overhead" for charitable solicitations at 15%. Such a law helps, as does compulsory accounting for funds. But laws cannot cure, and must avoid working a hardship on honest religious ventures. After all, a *real* church is supported by contributions, and many honest preachers have en-

tered their calling with little formal preparation.

The real answer is for each citizen to be chary of the way he tosses his charitable dimes, quarters, and ten spots around. Even here one runs across surprising vagaries of human nature. There is, for example, the Pittsburgh philanthropist who became an easy "tap" for every pseudo-religious pirate in town. At the urgent behest of friends, he determined to be more prudent. He joined the Better Business Bureau and faithfully phoned for background information thereafter.

When threatened with prosecution, the usual religious gyp beats his chest in a frenzy of spurious piety. He will scream, "Religious persecution!" and quote the Bill of Rights, the Constitution, the Atlantic Charter and the Four Freedoms just as if he had a right to their protection. Nevertheless, relatively few prosecutions ever really go through, and the citizen must understand that he can't depend upon the law to protect his charity dollar.

He can protect it himself, however, if he will take the trouble to make a brief investigation. In virtually every city there is at least one agency that will give you the information you need for the price of a phone call: the Better Business Bureau, Department of Welfare, Chamber of Commerce, Community Chest, or Solicitation Control Committee.

In the last analysis, only you can put such rackets out of business. Be generous to legitimate charities you know you can trust. Starve out the frauds.

Epistle to the Germans

By ✠ CONRAD GROEBER of Freiburg

Plain talk

Condensed from a pastoral*

Expiation will be demanded of Germany for the crimes committed by the nazi regime; proofs of these atrocities will be shown all the world by word of mouth and by illustrations so that even nations friendly towards us will shudder and no longer pity us.

There is one ray of hope left us: we can prove to the victors that a large proportion of the nation cannot be held responsible for the crimes committed by the regime before and also during the war and that, on the contrary, Catholics particularly were regarded as enemies of the people in our homeland, enemies deprived of freedom, impeded in activities and dishonored, on whom, after the war, a new ideology was to be imposed by force even if it meant extermination.

There were German men, priests and officers, against whom the People's Court turned out a stream of mass-produced sentences. Some were tortured and strangled in the most horrifying manner only because they thought the German people and state would be better served by a timely peace than by fanatical continuation of the war.

There also were men of alien races who, without any guilt, and only because no Aryan blood flowed in their veins, were packed into cattle trucks for the journey to the East and mur-

dered by thousands; there were poor Poles, who, after being deported to Germany for forced labor, were hanged for committing some petty crime.

What of justice then, if theft committed out of real want was sufficient for the death penalty?

Was it not the height of cruelty that a curious crowd was brought together to witness these executions of Poles?

All this was sanctioned by this "new faith," by this "Germanic virtue of hardness," this devilish urge for vengeance, this obtuse fanaticism which caused men to trifle with the lives of their fellow men as if they were god-like, absolute masters.

But our own German blood was not spared. They called it euthanasia, in German, "to assist death," when they tried (again feeling themselves lords over all lives) to kill those who, from birth, or through some disease, were disabled, or mentally ill, sometimes because of a head injury received in the last world war. In those cases, families were told lies, told their relations had "unfortunately died" from pneumonia or some other disease.

Mental asylums with many hundreds of inmates were emptied in this manner all over the country.

Homes in which the Sisters of Mercy looked after the physical needs of

*Read in the Cathedral of Freiburg-in-Breisgau, May 31, 1945, as reprinted from the London Catholic Times, June 29, 1945.

countless children, developing them spiritually at the same time, were raided by the Gestapo, who packed these poor children into trucks with brute force. They were given blows like cattle destined for the slaughterhouse. Despite their struggling and pitiful weeping, they were killed.

My representations against this practice were in vain. The Baden Ministry of Interior, on whose instructions euthanasia was carried out, even dared reply that it knew nothing about it.

At the same time the "helpful death" practice was begun in hospitals of the large cities. Cases came to our knowledge of men and women doctors bereft of conscience, who, under the guise of analgesic or soporific medicine, administered a lethal injection to patients, including mothers and brave fighting men. These patients were not benighted, but perfectly normal human beings whose maladies, in some doctor's preconceived opinion, had no prospect of cure, although one competent physician who treated those patients at the time had affirmed the opposite, and was horrified to see empty beds.

When I fought against this practice as well, a health-office representative advised his department, in a document which accidentally found its way into my hands, that it was now "high time to put a stop to the machinations of that clerical enemy of the people of Freiburg."

Finally the practice of admitting to the hospitals expectant mothers from Poland and Russia was adopted, and abortions were performed. The nursing

personnel was told that the patients had given their consent, although they did not know a word of German and no interpreter was used. The purpose was only too obvious, considering the policy of the defunct regime that the enemy must be harmed wherever encountered.

I do not exaggerate when I say that never in human history was the end deemed to sanctify the means to such an extent as during the last 13 years in nazi Germany; and never in history was the natural voice of protesting conscience stifled so methodically by elaborate subterfuges. Furthermore, they attempted by every means, including the most despicable, to bring to oblivion, or even to exterminate, the nation's spiritual character, baptized by Christ and grown great and dominant by His teaching and grace; in order to drum into our minds a totally different philosophy (*Weltanschauung*), a German one, as they said, but which proved to be the exact opposite of the German Christian character.

Young persons, vulnerable to propaganda and lacking in judgment and inner support, were so fundamentally alienated from Christian faith that one who had reason to know described the effects in these words: "Sometimes when talking to those youths one is frightened by the force of hatred against Christianity which goes out from them." Other commandments took the place of the divine Commandments, and mostly contained the opposite of the two Tablets of Sinai and of the demands of conscience.

What a terrible nation we would have grown to be if the new philosophy had, as intended, really entered our very flesh and blood. Many centuries not only of Christian but also of general culture, would thus have been extinguished. A weird Colossus of iron and steel, with sword and whip, the symbols of war and destruction, castigation, subjugation, and the exploitation of others, would have stood out frighteningly against other nations. The crosses would have disappeared from spires and monuments; already the symbol of salvation, preceding the name of deceased, had been rejected and was replaced by the pagan rune. Churches would have been turned into theaters, the whole Christian past would have been derided and torn out of the consciousness and reverence of the masses. Such plans did, in all reality, exist. They were really "Made in Germany," and were not at all the product of an anti-German imagination. The program, wholly conforming with the views of Friedrich Nietzsche, existed; it was not merely planned on paper.

The "hopelessly antiquated," as they called us Christians, now represent the new day, with all the duties it demands of us. A mighty task awaits us. Shall we master it? To this I answer, though timorously, "Yes." One is able not only to rebuild shattered houses and towns and extinguish disfiguring scars from the face of the tortured world; through Christ one can also rejuvenate a defeated and downtrodden nation. Perhaps some pessimist will object and say that

those who vanquished us desire our complete ruin. But my answer is to refer to statements by leading personages which clearly read very differently.

That a great part of the German people did not adhere with love and loyalty to the Nazi system, the spokesmen of the Third Reich again and again admitted in their speeches, when they threateningly spoke of the unteachable ones, of "the enemies of the people, who were going to be dealt with" either then or after the war. A new sort of community spirit must, however, inspire us from now on: a real people's community, welded together by their predicament, not merely a national slogan or a political program. The contrasts which we formerly overcame by compromises, and which then proved disastrous through an exaggerated party system aspiring to complete power, should be prevented from the outset.

The proud Nordic man must no longer, in almost naive presumption, regard himself as the crown of creation as compared with the southern Germans and other human beings. He must learn from history and from the suffering of the present day that Germany's redemption does not come from the North but—speaking in a religious sense—from the East. The modern, noisy German who took pleasure in the applause and clamor of a gullible crowd must become quiet, content with spiritual values and joys.

But we need not only visible reparation; we also need all that springs from a fundamentally Christian atti-

tude for the shaping of a Christian life, for recuperation and cultural recovery of our people.

The sanctity of matrimony and dignity of virginhood shall again be unshakable law. Alas! How were those laws not spurned and violated by the oppressors, and even contested on the grounds of "principle"! Yet how immeasurably great is the loss of a people in which matrimonial faithfulness has ceased to be valid, and the maiden has

forgotten to blush and conduct herself with decorum, while youth seeks as the highest reward of happiness the sexual pollution of his imagination, and the sinful appeasement of his physical instincts.

But one I know who can cure our people completely, and strengthen it for a new Christian life: Christ, the Good Samaritan, who never forsook any people that believed and trusted in Him.



Chaplain on the "Franklin"

By JOSEPH T. O'CALLAHAN, S.J.

Bravery etched in ebony

Condensed from *America**

Perhaps only a Catholic can appreciate my attitude on March 19, the day the *Franklin* was hit. I know that many sympathetic persons of press and radio admired what I did that day, but did not understand.

I have said publicly many times that from a mere natural viewpoint we have to re-define *bravery*. There was only one time in all that day's catastrophic happenings when I think I was brave. It was when I went into a blazing gun turret, and the bravery came from this: I have long suffered from claustrophobia, I hate to be shut up in small rooms. And I did not mind so much the thought of being blown up

as the thought of being hemmed in, in that small place. I was overcoming a natural and rather silly phobia; no one would ever have adverted to it unless I had told it here.

Everything else that happened that day seemed, and seems, simply to fit into the scheme of things; I mean, to fit into a logical Catholic life. I think I had wits enough to realize the chances were heavy at any moment that I would be blown to bits. There is a natural repugnance to that; but without any effort my reactions were O. K.; I realized that even being blown to bits was simply (and I hope I say this without histrionics) the gateway to heaven.

*329 W. 108th St., New York City, 25. June 9, 1945.

I sincerely think that what I did anyone would do, if he takes Christ at face value.

People say what I did was brave. I claim this definition of bravery is based on an inordinate love of life; that it is much smarter to take God at His word that life hereafter *is* life. That's why I say, and I speak sincerely and humbly, we had better re-define bravery.

I know I'm right, because I can speak not merely from my own personal reactions but from many examples that day of others reacting the same way. There was the youngster who saw the white chaplain's cross on my helmet and rushed to me; he went down on one knee and, in a not-too-steady voice, asked for absolution. He said his act of contrition, I gave him absolution, and then, because there was work to be done. I told him to go off and man one of the fire-fighting hoses where the danger seemed greatest. His response came with utter spontaneity, "Sure, Father, I'll go anywhere now."

During midafternoon, when we had pushed the fires back considerably, but were still in a critical state, when a few minutes' delay meant hours of loss, and while we were still being strafed by another Japanese plane, a Filipino steward flopped down beside me on the deck. He had been gradually conquering his natural fear and lending a hand in the fire fighting, but this strafing was the last straw. I've never seen, nor expect to see, a person more completely frightened. In those few seconds, bullets splattering around

us, I said the act of contrition with him, and I mean fervently, and gave him absolution. The plane had zoomed away; we were still alive. He was still flabby with fear, but he had got absolution. Knowing he could not delay, I sharply ordered him back to the hoses. The fact that he went back, though fear-ridden, makes it clear to my mind that the fact he was spiritually ready to die is what made him brave, so brave that he led 50 others into the most dangerous fire fighting. This boy is my example of real bravery. He was both physically and psychologically unnerved, but he worked and led because of a spiritual motive.

These incidents, and there are many more, should illustrate the point I have tried time and again to make clear in my interviews and addresses but, I'm sorry to say, without much success so far. If one is in a position where, without seeking death, he may die at any moment, there is no particular cause for alarm, because, through death, he meets Christ in heaven.

There is another point I'd like to comment on. I've always suspected that many Catholics believe they have a monopoly on virtue. Prior to my life as Navy chaplain, and that extends over five years now, I had little contact with non-Catholics. From my years of Navy life I am convinced that, through no credit to us, God has given the average American a more than average amount of natural virtue. I believe the Americans of 1945 are not generally a religious people, but I'm convinced they are fundamentally virtuous.

For there was a group of steward mates on board, and their reaction was even more striking than that of the frightened Filipino boy. Those particular steward mates were Negroes, and every one of them who had remained aboard (remember that many were blown overboard) did a really magnificent job. I know personally that each one was as frightened as the Filipino, and remembrances rushed through my mind that day of the many cartoons I have seen and jokes I have heard about how easily Negroes scare; but this group overcame fear as real heroes.

It was primarily due to their help that our executive officer was able to get a towline from the *Franklin* to the cruiser *Pittsburgh*, standing by. That towline was a terrific weight. There the gang was, lined up shoulder-to-shoulder, officers and men, black and white, sweating and straining, and all afraid. The towline was not to be budged. I have read about things like this, and been rather blasé and skeptical, but there on the deck of the *Franklin* that afternoon, it really happened. All of a sudden, uncertainly and slowly at first, but gathering volume until it pierced the roar of flames, those Negro men started an impromptu chanting, making up the words as they went along. It was almost a Negro spiritual, and, as the rhythm of their voices found certainty, the rhythm of the gang's muscles and sinews started to work together, and that heavy towline we hadn't been able to budge started to move; how, God alone knows, but it was certainly the Negro stewards who

led the way to a really superhuman job.

All through the day, and most of the night, those Negro men worked magnificently on deck, and very few know that when the early morning of the 20th came a half dozen of them came with me below decks, a little more hesitant than I, and so more credit to them, foraging for food for the crew, groping in complete darkness in compartments that might well be traps. They had worked all day and night as fire fighters in an extreme emergency; when the fires were partially under control they sank once more, unobtrusively and simply, into their humble role of providing food.

Persons reading this may think I'm holding up a torch of faith or idealism or some such thing. Well, I am. However, I think it characteristically American to talk seriously about serious things without taking oneself too seriously, and so I'll end with an example.

On that evening of March 19 (it was the feast of St. Joseph, remember, and my own name day) the good ship *U. S. S. Franklin* was one big torch some 38 miles off Japan. Fires were partially under control, but the ship was still a great bonfire. Now, according to wartime regulations, at sundown all lights are to be darkened; not even a cigarette may glow on the weather deck. Just then, with a great puff of relief, Captain Gehres lit a cigarette. But his orderly was on the alert: "Begging the Captain's pardon, Sir, it's darkened ship—no cigarettes on the weather deck."

Captain Gehres doused his butt.

The Chief Rabbi's Conversion

By A. B. KLYBER

Condensed from the *Liguorian**

"That they all may be one"

The author, himself a convert Jew, today is a missionary priest. No one could be more qualified to tell the inner story of the great conversion in Rome that was world wide news.

On Feb. 17, 1945, Israel Zolli, the Chief Rabbi of Rome, and his wife, were baptized in the Basilica of St. Mary of the Angels, by Msgr. Luigi Traglia. Zolli was the Chief Rabbi of Trieste for 35 years before coming to Rome. His deep learning in the Scriptures and Semitic literature may be seen in the many books he published. Catholic scholars publicly recognized this learning years before his conversion, when they invited him to assist in the work of the Pontifical Biblical commission, and in the compiling of the Italian Catholic Encyclopedia.

The former Rabbi is now 65, but fairly vigorous. He was born in Poland. His mother was a German-Jewess; and, on her side of the family there was actually 130 years of rabbinical tradition.

It is no surprise to find newspaper comment on Zolli's action insolent, at least by implication. For instance, it was neither necessary, nor good sportsmanship, for certain newspapers to headline the story: "Voices, Rays, Convert Rabbi to Catholicism." Moreover, it was disrespectful and offensive to millions to call the conversion a "re-

ligious switch," since it was the outcome of at least 12 years of serious thinking and study by a serious-minded ecclesiastic of the Synagogue.

Only in the Associated Press dispatch by George Bria do we find any reference to the "voices and rays" supposed to have affected the Rabbi. Nevertheless, even if Zolli did use such expressions, they did not mean what the casual reader of the news was led to think, namely, that the convert was a dreamer or crackpot; and that this conversion was to be passed off with a pitying shake of the head. If Zolli did use the phrase, he was referring to interior inspirations he had received from the Light of the World. As Chief Rabbi of Rome, this sincere man had offered himself as hostage to the Nazi forces then occupying the city, if they would release several hundreds of his fellow Jews. Was that the conduct of a dreamer? Wasn't it rather the action of a practical-minded, self-sacrificing pastor?

Jews, and especially the rabbis of the Orthodox group, do not become Christians light-mindedly, nor without powerful help from God. Experience has proved that a prospective convert from Judaism may nearly always look forward to severe boycotts from his family and friends, and all former Jewish associates. If Orthodox, he may

*Box A, Oconomowoc, Wis. August, 1945.

expect even father and mother to turn bitterly against him. They will put him out of their home, and blot out his name from their will. All his Jewish business connections will be snapped, even if they mean his bread and butter. If the convert is a member of some milder branch of Judaism, such as the Conservative, or Liberal, his penalty for conversion will be bad enough. Israel Zolli and his wife had to face most of those evils. In reply to a suggestion that he had become a Catholic for gain, the courageous Rabbi said, "No selfish motive led me to do this. When my wife and I embraced the Church we lost everything we had in the world. We shall now have to look for work; and God will help us to find some."

Therefore, when a Jew is willing to take such a cross as this as the price of his conversion, he makes his momentous break with the past only from rock-like conviction that he is doing what God wishes him to do, and only by the power of God. This is clear in Zolli's case, from his defense of his decision.

When the good Rabbi was asked why he had given up the Synagogue for the Church, he gave an answer that showed he had a keen understanding of his present position: "But I have not given it up. Christianity is the integration (completion or crown) of the Synagogue. For, the Synagogue was a promise, and Christianity is the fulfillment of that promise. The Synagogue pointed to Christianity: Christianity presupposes the Synagogue. So you see,

one cannot exist without the other. What I converted to was the living Christianity."

"Then you believe that the Messiah (the Christ) has come?" the interviewer asked.

"Yes, positively," replied Zolli. "I have believed it many years. And now I am so firmly convinced of the truth of it, that I can face the whole world and defend my faith with the certainty and solidity of the mountains."

"But why didn't you join one of the Protestant denominations, which are also Christian?"

"Because protesting is not attesting. I do not intend to embarrass anyone by asking: 'Why wait 1,500 years to protest?' The Catholic Church was recognized by the whole Christian world as the true Church of God for 15 consecutive centuries. No man can halt at the end of those 1,500 years and say that the Catholic Church is not the Church of Christ without embarrassing himself seriously. I can accept only that Church which was preached to all creatures by my own forefathers, the Twelve (Apostles) who, like me, issued from the Synagogue.

"I am convinced that after this war, the only means of withstanding the forces of destruction and of undertaking the reconstruction of Europe will be the acceptance of Catholicism, that is to say, the idea of God and of human brotherhood through Christ, and not a brotherhood based on race and supermen, for 'there is neither Jew nor Greek; neither bond nor free; for you are all one in Christ Jesus.'"

"I was a Catholic at heart before the war broke out; and I promised God in 1943 that I should become a Christian if I survived the war. No one in the world ever tried to convert me. My conversion was a slow evolution, altogether internal. Years ago, unknown to myself, I gave such an intimately Christian form and character to my writings that an Archbishop in Rome said of my book, *The Nazarene*, 'Everyone is susceptible of errors, but so far as I can see, as a Bishop, I could sign my name to this book.' I am beginning to understand that for many years I was a natural Christian. If I had noticed that fact 20 years ago, what has happened now would have happened then."

As was to be expected, the announcement caused a great stir in Jewish religious circles throughout the world. The Jewish community of Rome tasted gall. Overnight, the once venerated, learned Rabbi who had offered his life for his "sheep," became to some an ignoramous, and to all a heretic and traitor. The Synagogue of Rome proclaimed a several days' fast in atonement for Zolli's defection, and mourned him as dead, while at the same time they denounced him as a *meschumad* (apostate, one struck by God) and excommunicated him. Here is a sample of the vehemence with which a Jew was cast out of the Synagogue in the days when the Jewish leaders were still able to wield the axe. Whether or not such a document was read out in the Synagogue concerning Zolli has not been made clear; but even if it were

not read, we may be sure that its sentiments were burning in the hearts of the Jews of Rome toward one whom they sincerely believed was now a traitor to God and the Jewish people. This condemnation was hurled against the philosopher Baruch Spinoza at Amsterdam in 1656, on account of his heretical views about God:

"With the judgment of the angels, and the sentence of the saints, we anathematize, execrate, curse, and cast out Baruch Spinoza, the whole of the Sacred Community assenting . . . pronouncing against him the curse written in the Book of the Law. Let him be accursed by day and accursed by night; accursed as he lies down and accursed as he rises up; accursed in his going out and accursed in his coming in. May the Lord never more acknowledge him; and may the wrath and displeasure of the Lord burn from now on against this man; load him with all the curses written in the Book of the Law and blot out his name from under the sky. May the Lord cut him off forever from the Tribes of Israel.

"Hereby, then, all are warned against holding conversation with him either by word of mouth or by writing. No one is allowed to do him any service; no one may live under the same roof with him; no one may come within four cubits' length of him (about six feet); and no one may read any document dictated by him or written by his hand."

To the uninformed Christian, this may appear excessively severe, but the Jews sincerely believed Spinoza de-

served it: they believe that Rabbi Zolli deserves the same. Though to many it looks like frightful bigotry to condemn a man like Zolli, we must yet be wary against hastily condemning the Jews for this. The Catholic Church also excommunicates heretics with severe penalties.

Rabbi Zolli, like others who became Christians, was condemned by the Jewish elders because in their judgment he had violated God's Name by believing that the man Jesus was God. If we wish to be fair, we must give to the Jews of Rome credit for acting honestly in the Rabbi-convert's case.

Moreover, the Jews have long memories. Their souls are still smarting from countless past persecutions; today their poor bodies are suffering again in a most horrible mass murder of millions in Europe.

Christians most certainly should restrain the temptation to scold the Jews for their treatment of Zolli and other converts; and instead should compassionate and pray for them, as the former Rabbi and his wife are doing.

Inconsistently enough (or consistently, would one say?) non-Orthodox Jews of today have called Baruch Spinoza the greatest Jew of modern times. Such an "about-face" by modern Jews is no reflection on Orthodox Jews of the past or present. "Reformed Jews," perhaps unknown to themselves, have surrendered the revealed faith of their fathers; they can teach almost anything, and get by with it. Since many of them are very hazy about the Adonai Echod (the One

God) for whom their fathers surrendered their lives, it is no surprise to find them now praising one their forefathers condemned. Einstein, the scientist, committed the same spiritual crime as Spinoza; yet he, too, is praised and respected by Reform Jews. Now the Orthodox have condemned Einstein, too, at least silently; and they would like to condemn him publicly as they did Zolli, but they reasonably hesitate because they feel their people are suffering enough, and perhaps, because Einstein did not profess himself a Christian.

All the difference between the religious beliefs of devout Jews and Catholics hinges on one question: "Is this Jesus whom the whole world worships as God really the Messiah whose coming was foretold by the Jewish prophets of the Old Law?" Any Catholic who stubbornly denies Jesus is the Son of God will be excommunicated from the Church and in danger of eternal punishment in hell, unless he retracts. Conversely, a Jew who professes Jesus *is* the Messiah, will be cast out of the Synagogue as Zolli was. Orthodox Jews of today believe their own ancient doctrines as completely and firmly as Catholics hold to the teachings of the Church.

It is necessary to point out, for the sake of peace, that although Jews repudiate Jews who have become Christians, they teach plainly that non-Jews (Gentiles) who believe in the one God of heaven and earth, and do His will, can enter eternal life, even though their understanding of the one God is

somewhat spoiled by their notions concerning Jesus and His mission.

Zolli's daughter, not a convert, asserted in defense of her father, "I don't feel that my father's conversion was a betrayal of the Jews. The fact that he could spend 40 years teaching Judaism proves the profound connection between the two religions." Zolli himself said sadly, "I continue to maintain unchanged all my love for the people of Israel; and in my sorrow for the lot that has befallen them, I shall never stop loving the Jews. I did not abandon the Jews by becoming a Catholic."

"Once a Jew always a Jew," is a shibboleth too often quoted by well-meaning Jews as a sort of proof that a Jew cannot in his heart of hearts ever become a Christian. When Israel Zolli was asked whether he still considered himself a Jew he answered with the same expression, but explained it in its deeply correct significance. "Did Peter, James, John, Matthew, Paul, and hundreds of Hebrews like them (he should have said many thousands) cease to be Jews when they followed the Messiah, and became Christians? Emphatically, no."

A Jew who accepts a Messiah today remains just as much a Jew as he would expect to remain if and when he were to accept a Messiah at some distant future coming. In other words, a Jew who accepts Jesus as his Messiah accepts a Jew, and himself remains a Jew. This may sound strange and even heterodox to Catholics who have only a surface knowledge of Jewish prophetic history and Catholic teaching

concerning it. A Jewish-convert takes as his Messiah the Jew-Jesus who traces His ancestry back to King David without a break: can anyone be more Jewish than that? The convert accepts a Jewish Messiah who proved His mission was from God by doing the hundreds of things the prophet said he would do; chief among them His unquestionable and numerous miracles and His resurrection from the dead. His miracles are continued and multiplied in His Church even up to the present moment. Has any Messiah ever done the like: *Could* any Jew do anything greater to put the seal of God on His teachings?

When a devout Jew becomes a follower of Jesus he changes neither his nationality, which is Hebrew, nor his religion, which is Judaism. Well then, what does he do? He merely brings his religion to completion, as Zolli pointed out: he plucks the ripe fruit from the tree that was planted by God. This is why the former Rabbi was able to say that he had not given up the Synagogue for the Church, that the one could not exist without the other. This is also why he repeated correctly, "Once a Jew always a Jew."

If there is any notion that must be stressed both for Christians and Jews it is that Jesus did not give to the world a new *religion*, but only a New *Covenant* or *Testament* concerning the Old Religion which He Himself had given to the Jews. God's very nature forbids His giving to the world at any time at all more than one religion or one way of life and worship.

Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us.]

Borden, Lucille Papin. FRANCESCA CABRINI: WITHOUT STAFF OR SCRIP. *New York: Macmillan.* 402 pp. \$2.75. Penniless Italian nun-traveler became a Chicagoan and covered the New World and Old with her institutions of charity.

Bourke, Vernon J. AUGUSTINE'S QUEST OF WISDOM; *Life and Philosophy of the Bishop of Hippo.* Milwaukee: Bruce. 323 pp. \$3. Biographers have generally emphasized the preparatory years of Augustine's life, covered in his *Confessions*. Dr. Bourke draws on his other writings as well to show the later thoughts and labors which made Augustine great.

Brown, Stephen J., and McDermott, Thomas. A SURVEY OF CATHOLIC LITERATURE. Milwaukee: Bruce. 249 pp. \$2.50. Panoramic sketch of high points in Catholic letters from the 2nd century to the 20th. Sections of particular interest cover: medieval works in European vernaculars; New World literature in Spanish, Portuguese and English; Catholic literature of our own times in Europe.

Buchanan, Rosemary. THIS BREAD. Milwaukee: Bruce. 263 pp. \$2.50. Two find happiness in the faith. First effort of a promising novelist.

THE LITTLE OFFICE OF OUR LADY. *Printed from hand-set type.* Milwaukee: Bruce. 126 pp. \$4. The *Little Office* in English, in large octavo size. A beautiful example of modern bookmaking, with illuminated initials.

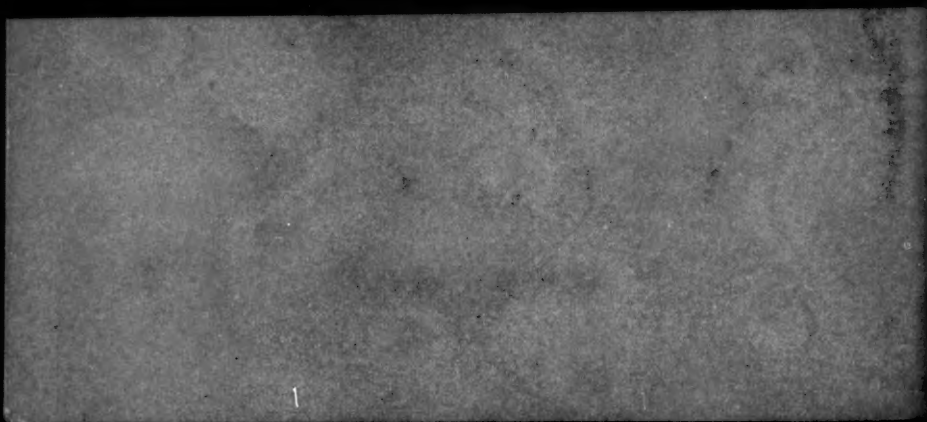
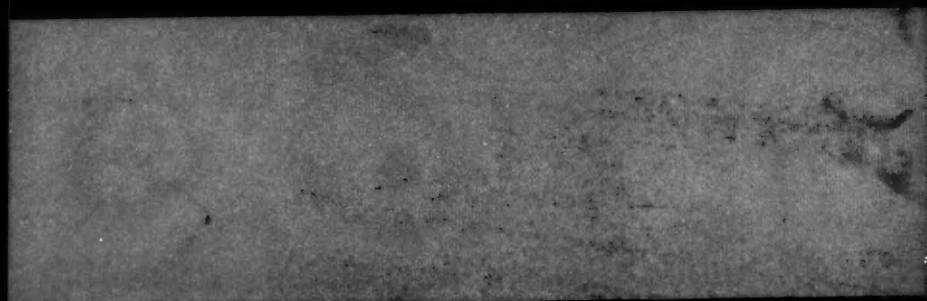
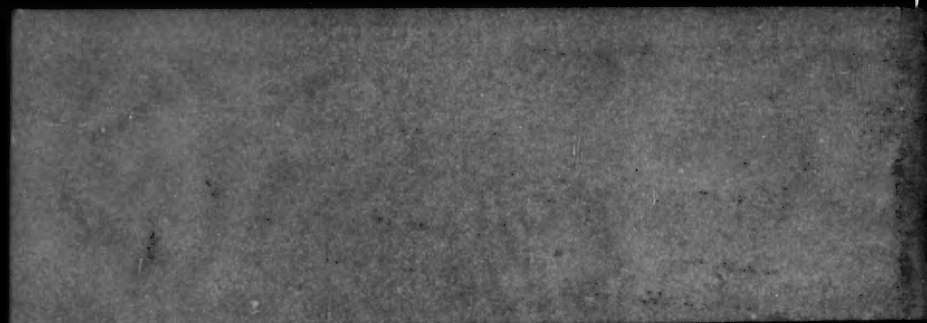
Magner, James A. PERSONALITY AND SUCCESSFUL LIVING. Milwaukee: Bruce. 251 pp. \$2.75. Fast-reading formula for a balanced and developed character that approximates the attractiveness of Christ's. Stresses positive use of aptitudes for self-confidence, decision, cleanness, objectivity, open-mindedness with God, and love for beauty and truth.

Maritain, Raïssa. ADVENTURES IN GRACE; *Sequel to WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS TOGETHER.* Translated by Julie Kernan. New York: Longmans. 271 pp. \$2.75. The spiritual wonderland that opened up before the Maritains and other French convert-intellectuals in the years before and after the first World War. Sketches of Rouault, Péguy, Psichari, Massis and others.

Molloy, Robert. PRIDE'S WAY. New York: Macmillan. 355 pp. \$2.75. Two old ladies of Charleston have a difficult time being reasonable and forgiving toward one another in this novel. Little meannesses described by an entirely kind but exact observer.

Moon, Bucklin, editor. PRIMER FOR WHITE FOLKS. Garden City: Doubleday, Doran. 491 pp. \$3.50. Many-faceted, realistic picture of aspirations, obstacles, accomplishments of U. S. Negroes. Anthology of fiction and nonfiction for the white reader willing to see his darker brother as he is, even though the picture will prick his own conscience.

Wyman, Walker D. THE WILD HORSE OF THE WEST. *Illustrated by Harold Bryant.* Caldwell, Idaho: Caxton Printers. 348 pp., illus. \$3.50. Drovers of wild horses roaming the western plains and mountain valleys were more often a nuisance than cheap mounts for Indian and white. The fire-breathing mustang stallion of cinema and fiction is chronicled from his probable origin in 17th-century Mexico to his disappearance in the last decade.



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